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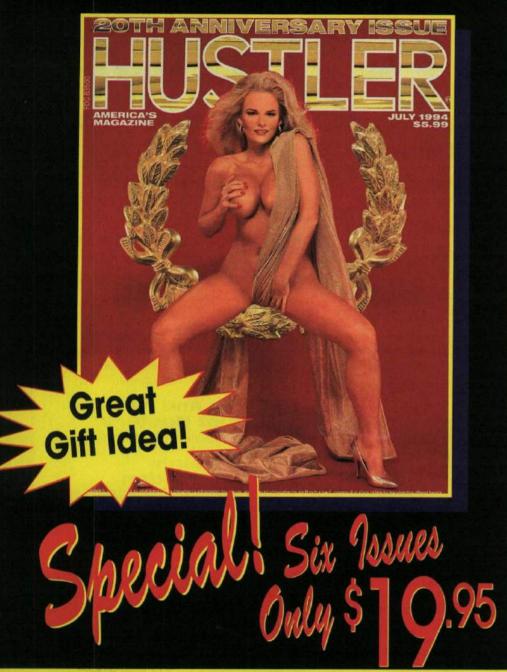
Volume 22 Number 1

July 1995

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All nude models are 18 years of age or older.

Cover photo by Clive McLean



ASSHOLES OF OUR TIME

During the past decades, HUSTLER's "Asshole of the Month" has amassed an incredibly consistent record of picking shitholes of enduring infamy. Presented here are 21 classic, prime, typical Assholes, culled from 21 years of flawless feculence forecasting.

Richard Nixon (June '75/March '79): Disgraced U.S. President Richard Milhous Nixon's greatest shame was being named HUSTLER's first-ever "Asshole of the Month." Nixon will go down in history as a guy who had a great funeral.

Anita Bryant (July '77): A spokesperson for Florida orange juice, pinch-faced entertainer-of-yore Anita was less fond of more exotic fruits. Shrilly anti-queer, she claimed that homos were "recruiting" our youth. Anita herself was a walking argument for faggotry.

Billy Carter (August '78): Brother of then-Chief Executive Jimmy, Billy embarrassed the White House with Billy Beer, public urination and lobbying for Gadhafi. His most potent mixture of stupidity and arrogance was threatening to have Larry Flynt mugged, then rejoicing when Larry was shot.

Donald Wildmon (November '78): Censorship despot Donald Wildmon is for decency and boycotts and wielding a power base. He will not go away until every jiggling breast is removed from every U.S. TV.

Ronald Reagan (April '79/July '87/March '90): He is forgetting everything, but Ronald Reagan has been the most memorable villain in five decades of political treachery. A big talker about "decency and good taste," Reagan had more than 100 of his official appointees resign in the face of scandal and indictment.

Jerry Falwell (November '79/ October '91): Before the wounds had even dried, Moral Majority mooch Jerry Falwell was on his *Old-Time Gospel Hour* insinuating that the "judging hand of God" had guided the bullets that cut down Larry Flynt on March 6, 1978. Relations between Falwell and HUSTLER have



deteriorated steadily since then.

William Reinecke (May '82): As a Wisconsin circuit judge, Reinecke ruled that a five-year-old victim of sexual assault was partly to blame, that she was "an unusual, sexually promiscuous young lady, and this man did not know enough to knock off her advances.... No way do I believe he initiated sexual contact."

John Holmes (July '83): Porn's biggest dick was a participant in a grisly cocaine slaying, a multiple murder that largely resulted from Holmes's cowardice and greed. The wad later kept fucking porn sluts after he knew he had AIDS.

Jimmy Swaggart (May '84): A TV preacher who spouted hellfire and donations, Swaggart had trouble keeping his penis in his pants. He weaseled out of camera-caught assignations with a Louisiana mattress back, only to be busted with a California hooker in his car.

Jesse Helms (November '84/ September '90): With a hard-won reputation for hypocrisy, lies, racism and dirty campaigning, the Republican Senator from North Carolina is a rabid pro-lifer and a strident tobacco lobbyist. Tobacco, according to the Surgeon General, is our country's "single most preventable cause of death." Helms is our single most preventable threat to enlightened government.

Newt Gingrich (December '84/ October '89/April '95): As Speaker of the House, Newt is more dangerous now than ever before. Larry Flynt was shot in Gingrich's home district. The Republican cur sounds as though he'd like to get HUSTLER's entire reader base down home and shoot us all.

Patrick Buchanan (July '86/ Holiday Issue '91): He gives loudmouth, blowhard idiot bastards a bad name. A speechwriter for Nixon and Reagan, and now a Presidential candidate, Pat proposed banning HUSTLER from PXs at U.S. military bases. Unlike Larry Flynt, pussy Pat never served in our armed forces.

Oliver North (December '87/ August '94): Oliver North, a retired Marine Colonel, brokered the sale of missiles to Islamic zealots of Iran. Islamic zealots of Iran had two years earlier been blamed for killing more than 240 American troops at the U.S. Marine compound in Beirut. Sounds like treason Traci Lords (September '88/March '92): Though she started in show biz as a paid fuck, Traci now has only contempt for the porno creeps whom she outfoxed with faked passport and other bogus ID. Her best acting is unconvincing, but she sure could suck dick.

Ted Bundy (May '89): Ted raped chicks and killed them. Prior to being executed, he blamed his murders on pornography. Others theorize that Bundy's crimes resulted from sexual sadism he suffered as a young boy in the bed of his mother. Ted is unavailable to eat his words.

Charles Keating (April '90): Cofounder of Citizens for Decency Through Law and a gnat on Larry Flynt's ass back in the 1970s, antisexuality moralist Charles Keating started the '90s imprisoned for swindling thousands of American retirees out of their life savings.

Father Bruce Ritter (July '90): Director of Covenant House, a New York City shelter for runaway youth, Ritter often took the pulpit to denounce demon smut, until the good priest was squeezed out by charges of pricking young boys' butts.

Old Joe Camel (January '93): Longtime consumers die like flies; so tobacco companies recruit new customers. What better lure than a cartoon character? The kids won't live long enough to know any better.

Jeff Gillooly and Tonya Harding (June and July '94): This couple's on-ice attack of skater Nancy Kerrigan sullied the notions of sportsmanship and fair play and gave Saturday Night Live its worst hostess in history.

Paul Hill (December '94): A pro-life fanatic, Hill shotgun murdered an abortion doctor and his 74-year-old escort, supposedly on instruction from God, the same God who hath commanded: Though shalt not kill.

Susan Smith (March '95): After killing her two children, Smith lied to the country for our pity and sympathy. Her soul, if she has one left, is now remanded to the judgment of a higher authority.

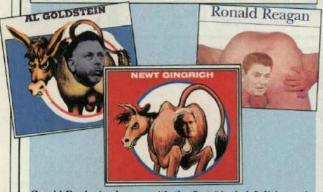
Sounds like treason. judgment of a higher authority.

Welcome to a silly and shocking celebration of the items that have defined B&P through its first 21 years. Sit back and enjoy deriding.

Recurring Caricatures

Fans of HUSTLER's ribald opening section enjoy the recurring features that give Bits & Pieces its patented irreverence. Here are the origins of our most famous elements.

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



Gerald Ford wiped away with the first "Asshole" dishonor in May '75. Since then, Ronald Reagan, Newt Gingrich and Screw Publisher Al Goldstein have tied for most dirt-hole distinctions at three apiece. Larry Flynt, incidentally, comes in a close second with two "Asshole" designations of his own.

HUSTLER INTERVIEW: SANDRA DAY

Fucking with the flatulent interview concept, we've presented in-depth discussions with John Holmes's cock, Gloria Steinem's clit, Jackie Onassis's left ear, Sharon Stone's cunt and Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor's asshole (February '84).







"My best sexual experience was the lost time I got "As long as Larry Flynt keeps filing pention a rimioh from URV's Fred Graham." never run out of something to wipe with."

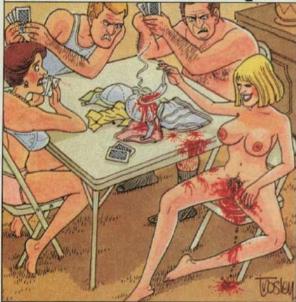


LLAR MU

Each year from 1977 to 1992, we offered our favorite celebs a cool million to show pink in HUSTLER.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Boy, your wife really knows how to ruin a game of strip poker!"

We reserve a space each month for a cartoon that offends even us (February '85).





Celebrating erotica of yore while punching up a reader's bank account; thanks and \$150 go to Robert Pompa for these brazen bra-busters.

Penetrating Parodies

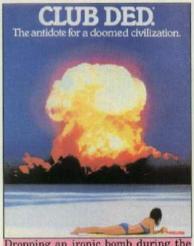
Though not to be taken seriously, parodies have long been our bread and butter. In some cases, such as the infamous Jerry Falwell Campari spoof, our humor has spawned groundbreaking lawsuits. Here's a handful of gags that epitomize HUSTLER's seething satire.



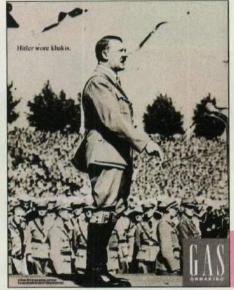
It was a red-letter day at the HUSTLER offices when we conceived our very first menstrual-blood gag (October '77).



Crudeness and controversy marked the first ad parody to appear in HUSTLER (May '76).



Dropping an ironic bomb during the Cold War era (April '84).



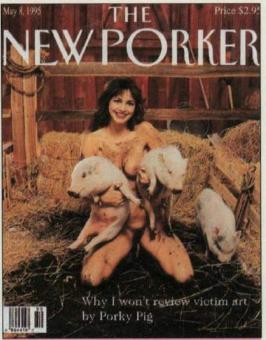
Goose-stepping all over advertising's most pathetic ploys (January '94).



Losing lunch over Madison Avenue (January '94).



B&P spoofs the ongoing racial debate about jean-etic supremacy (August '81).



Sticking a stuffy culture rag in the mud (May '95).



Dominance of Submissions

From the beginning, Larry Flynt recognized the importance of reader participation in HUSTLER Magazine. We try to accommodate every suggestion and always give our loyal followers the hands-on experience of selecting the Honey and Beaver of the Year. Bits & Pieces also relies on reader involvement. From the monthly "Porn From the Past" picture to an assortment of gross and goofy submissions, we enjoy our contributors' skewy perspectives, and we still pay cash for any photos we use.



No pun or double entendre suggested by the readers is too difficult to visualize by the one-track-minded staff of B&P (March '83).





One woman's illustrated guide to skin care and clit-bound chastity (May '78).



Before Beaver Hunt, hometown honeys were often featured in B&P, especially those who had taught themselves stupid human sex tricks (May '77).



Reader pursuits of all things wet and willing sometimes enter the garden of eaten (January '87).



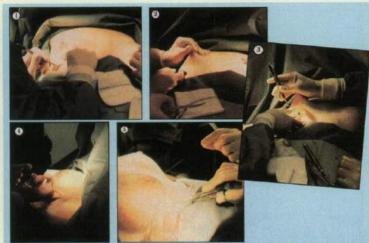


Whether war was right, wrong or of no interest to the rest of the country, HUSTLER has always supported those brave men and women who maintain a sense of humor while fighting to keep our country free (November '80).

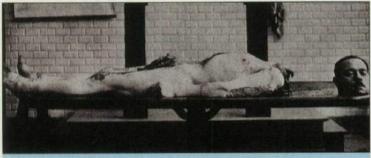
A true individual who enjoys the best of both worlds (December '80).

Shock Treatment

HUSTLER strives to present reality with no punches pulled. Humanity can be gruesome; so *B&P* is loathe to ignore life's odious oddities.



Before breast augmentation became as common as filling a cavity, HUSTLER documented the dangerous silicone-enhancement procedure (November '80).



Coming face to face with guillotine execution (April '82).









The mistreatment of man's best friend (June '78).





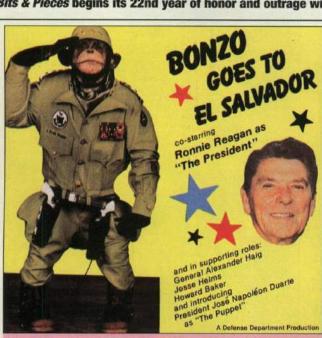
While cleaning out his attic, Pat Boone may have been thrilled to find his long-lost penis in a box marked "Xmas ornaments," but HUSTLER readers were horrified to see the actual instrument that would later spawn Debby (January '84).



Life can be more sickening than art, as evidenced in this frame-by-frame sequence of then Pennsylvania State Treasurer R. Budd Dwyer's suicidal publicity stunt, seen uncensored in HUSTLER (May '87).

The HUSTLER Walk of Defame

Celebrities and political figures are prime targets for HUSTLER's satirical slings and arrows. If you can't beat 'em, mock 'em is our credo in lambasting slimy stars who've forgotten that all people are created equal, shit-stink and all. Next month, Bits & Pieces begins its 22nd year of honor and outrage with all-new twisted travesties.



Former President Reagan may not remember his dalliance with a certain Central American country, but rest assured we'll never let that monkey off his back (June '81).



Deflating the ego of a political hot-air buffoon (October '92).



belt of a certain selfimpotent schmuck (January '81).

Hitting below the



SPOT THE ANTICHRIST

Combining cunning and cunt-watching, we asked readers to spot the Antichrist in this election-year brain-teaser (June '92).



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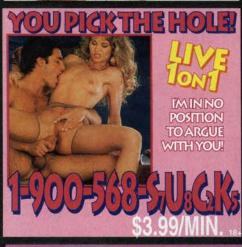














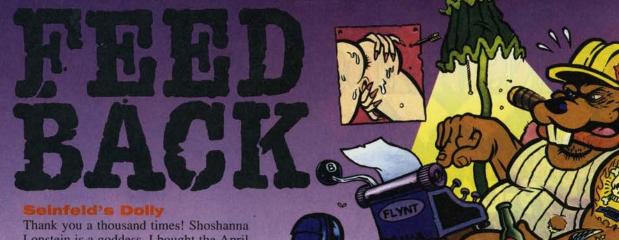








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Thank you a thousand times! Shoshanna Lonstein is a goddess. I bought the April issue just for her photos (It's Shoshanna Time, April '95). Has she appeared in any of your past publications? If not, please publish more photos of Shoshanna.

—B. T.

Chula Vista, California

We agree that the most appealing thing about comedian Jerry Seinfeld is his bodacious teenage girlfriend, Shoshanna Lonstein, B. T. Flip to page 49 of this issue, where we present a Shoshannainspired cover that Seinfeld could have created had he been a HUSTLER guest editor. Enjoy!

Lip Service

I absolutely loved the February '95 issue. It should have been called the "Most Beautiful Lips" issue. All the ladies had lovely cunt lips. Jessica (Jessica: In the Pink, February '95) was absolutely pretty, and Tasha (Tasha: Rent Striker, February '95) was a knockout in her pink garter belt, black nylons and brand-new black heels. The top prize, however, goes to the 1995 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Finalist #1 (Isabelle: Loved One, February '95) for having the bestlooking pussy lips that could snatch and grab my dick anytime. At the same time, I can't help but imagine how much prettier she would have looked with a little more eye shadow, thinner eyebrows, a shorter hairdo, fingernail polish, black nylons, red heels and a shaved snatch. Still, with cunt lips that can be slipped into a knot, she has the victory "tied up." Is Isabelle in the HUSTLER Beaver Hunt Video? Thanks, and keep it up! -D. J. St. Paul, Minnesota

You possess an excellent eye for pussy poetry, D. J. Unfortunately, no one can predict which <u>Beaver Hunt</u> gals will be

captured by the HUSTLER Beaver Hunt Video series; curious sportsmen, however, can order tapes or request a catalogue by calling 1-800-7HUSTLER.

More Is More

It's about time you guys showed a photo of a girl sucking her own tits! I'm referring to Jessica (Jessica: In The Pink, February '95). That was great! How about doing that more often? While you're at it, please, please start making the photos smaller and putting two or three pictures on each page like you used to.

—M. C.

Buffalo, New York

We're taking your request under advisement, M. C. Do the shots of Butch and



Jessica: In the Pink

Peaches, beginning on page 56, seem to be the right proportion for a guy like you?

Mad as Hell

I'm writing to complain about the letters you print from prisoners who whine about the shitty treatment inmates receive. Who gives a fuck what happens behind the walls? I don't care if prisoners get raped up the ass every night; they have no right whining for better treatment! As far as I'm concerned, those animals gave up their rights when they did their crimes. What about my right as a law-abiding person who wants to walk the streets safely? I have been mugged nine times in the past year, and I ain't gonna take it anymore! Whenever I go out at night, I carry a loaded .44-caliber Desert Eagle pistol with me. The next maggot who tries to rob me will wind up on a coroner's slab. I refuse to be a victim, by God. I don't have any complaints against HUSTLER for printing so many prisoners' complaints; all I'm saying is that I have rights too. God bless America. -J. H. Arlington, Virginia

Your rights, J. H., will be sharply curtailed once you start doing time for wasting your attacker. We'll still consider

your complaints for printing.

Aim to Sleaze

I want to tell you about my new hobby: Each month, after I purchase the new HUSTLER, I race to the middle of the (continued on page 17)



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Bucky Pledge

HUSTLER

I, Bucky Beaver, being of a singular mind and a healthy coat, do solemnly avow to keep HUSTLER Magazine keeping on in the smashing fashion to which readers worldwide have grown accustomed over the past 21 years.

HUSTLER will continue to present the choicest females ever to be photographed—Honeys graced with the bouncingest boobs, the slickest snizzes, and hindparts so snazzy that they render gonads molten immediately upon sighting—and sometimes we'll even dump a bit of splooge on them for good measure.

Just as your pal Bucky has proven that there's more to a beaver's existence than foraging and woodwork, HUSTLER will continue to expand beyond simply functioning as the premier showcase of prime pink and top-of-the-line T&A. Our satirists remain determined to skewer fat cats and fuckups with eversharpening vigor, and HUSTLER's journalistic forays into the worlds of psychos, political intrigue and conspiracy theory will forever blow lids and minds alike.

Being the upstanding mammal I am, I promise to push HUSTLER's third decade to fresh heights of sensual invention, enlightened reporting and honorable outrage.

Plus lots more naked chicks.

I'm Bucky Beaver. Babes, broadsides and your boner are my business.

My sacred pledge is to keep business good.

-Bucky Beaver July 1995 Beverly Hills, California







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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

magazine, remove the Honey of the Month and mount her on my wall. Then I draw a bull's-eye on her pussy lips and work on my target practice. So far, with Mia the March '95 Honey (Mia: Pretty on the Outside, March '95), I haven't missed the bull's-eye yet.

—J. C.

Plattsburgh, New York

Racial Disharmony

Oh, man, you guys! I was laughing uncontrollably for five minutes after I saw Spike Lee as an organ grinder's monkey ("NAACP Slave Auction," *Bits & Pieces*, April '95). I do think you're being kind of disrespectful though—to the hardworking monkeys of the world.

—S. S.

Grass Valley, California

I'm writing this letter in reference to the racist and tasteless parody you printed in your April issue concerning the NAACP ("NAACP Slave Auction," Bits & Pieces, April '95). I'm very disappointed in your publication. I'm sure that any of your subscribers with any dignity and pride feels as I do. I had no idea that this magazine was being run by a bunch of racist assholes. Please take that parody and shove it up your white asses. Go fuck yourselves.

—N. B.

Paterson, New Jersey

The NAACP has recently taken on a new chairperson of the board, Myrlie Evers-Williams, widow of murdered civil-rights leader Medgar Evers. Until her ascension, the organization had become mired in sexual and financial scandal and was in no way above criticism or satirical commentary.

Black Is Beautiful

Your magazine is in a class all its own. I'm a white prisoner in my early 30s, and I love looking at the choicest black females within the pages of HUSTLER. Being in an environment where racial intolerance is an everyday occurrence, I really appreciate your frequent black female layouts. I would also like to encourage more goodlooking black girls to try their hand at Beaver Hunt. There's definitely an admiring public out here who would like to see more black beaver gracing HUSTLER's pages. Keep up the good work and have a -An Anonymous Prisoner good '95. California

From your lips to Larry Flynt's ears! Take a gander at sizzling Safire, an African American beauty from Lafayette, Louisiana, featured in this month's <u>Beaver Hunt</u> section. And if you really dig dark meat, check out Butch's ebony tubesteak on page 56.

Decent Exposure

I enjoyed HUSTLER's pictorial of Sheena and Cecelia (Sheena and Cecelia: Who's the Boss? April '95). I love watching naked girls playing outdoors under the warm sun, and golden-blond Sheena was my favorite. I admit, though, that I'm starting to get sick of the beach photos in HUSTLER. Please show more outdoor photos of gorgeous young girls naked on roofs of high-rise apartments and have them looking into the camera with that Do me! look. I want to see nude pictorials at parks, picnic areas, construction sights or ranches. We should get sex and nudity out in the open for all to enjoy as we enter the late '90s. Will we be able to go nude out in public in the near future? Maybe it's just a dream, but if enough people went totally naked in public, that dream might come true.

Brooklyn, New York

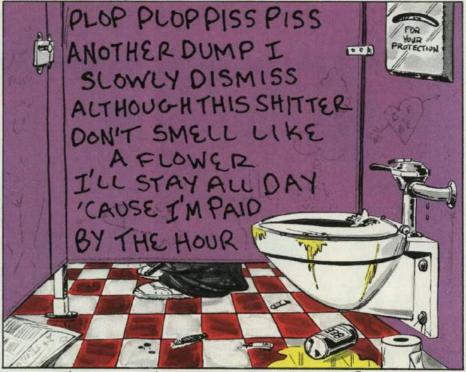
You're right, J. P., it's high time nudity took to the streets. Unfortunately, too much of America, hung up on puritani-

cal notions of so-called decency, would deny our right to bare arms and breasts. In the meantime, look later in this issue for Butch & Peaches: An Affair to Remember where a couple enjoys sex outdoors at a dude ranch. Better still, check out Claudia & Harry: Public Exposure (May '93) featuring a daring couple fucking atop a New York apartment building with the city's skyline as their boffing backdrop. Call our Subscriptions Department at 1-800-220-0314 to order this, or any other, exciting back issue.

Brothers of Mercy

First, I must say, I truly love your magazine. I'm a Canadian soldier currently serving in the former Yugoslavia. While flipping through the pages of a coverless magazine, I noticed a disturbing letter by an S. S. in Feedback titled "Mission of Mercy," that claimed soldiers in Somalia were working as paid mercenaries and thus have no right to complain about getting shot or killed ("Mission of Mercy," Feedback, January '94). Real grunts will not come crying to you, S. S. I had a lot of friends who went to Somalia and returned with different types of ailments. Is it so wrong to help others? We join the military, and we follow orders. It's the (continued on page 29)

GRAFFILMY

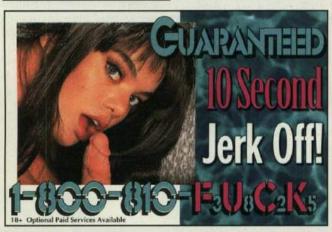


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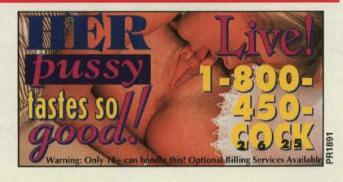






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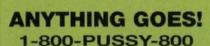
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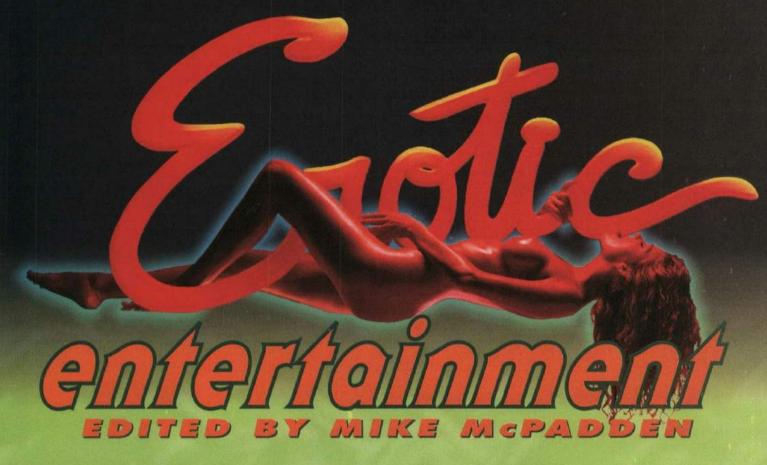
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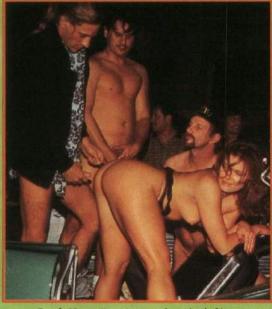
JOHN LESLIE'S FRESH MEAT... A GHOST STORY

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John Leslie; starring Eva Flowers, Felecia, Jen Teal, Krysti Lynn, Kirsty Waay, Annabele Dayne, Joey Silvera, Jon Dough, Tom Byron, Ron Jeremy, Julian St. Jox, Mr. Marcus, Damien Michaels, Steve Austin and Jamie Gillis. Videocassette: John Leslie Productions/Evil Angel Video.

Not everybody who went to see Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers* got as much from the experience as did John Leslie. A veritable homage with cum-shots to Stone's vertiginous, kinetic, style-over-substance exploitation flick, *Fresh Meat* is a highly stylized, foxy, kinkflirting, visual cacophony of cocks and cunts that is twisted enough to retain prurient interest, but not so bent as to alienate the regular-guy boner. In testament to John Leslie's grasp and mastery of jerkoff dynamics, even vomitous Ron Jeremy gets his dick sucked

in Fresh Meat and, as the H. Hog's load slaps across the full, fuck-swollen lips of big-eyes Eva Flowers, the home viewer shouts "Right on!" rather than Raaalph. Imagine then, the effect of a half dozen chicks with authentic tits, many of them in the stimulating grip of open-butt latex chaps and leggings, some squeezing cock into sphincter, some kneeling for face-glazing helpings of hump lube, all looking to be at the prime of their dirty, filthy below-the-belt appeal. Fresh Meat will not go stale.

—Christian Shapiro



Fresh Meat: Krysti Lynn amid a carload of loins.



Fresh Meat: Eva Flowers elongates Byron's fuck-bone.

6

THE ANAL ADVENTURES OF MAX HARDCORE 11: GRAND PRIX

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Max Steiner; starring Cindy, Brooke Dunne, Dallas D'Amour and Max Hardcore, Videocassette: Zane.

Opinions divide sharply on Max Hardcore. No one debates the flaming pornographer's top-flight directorial skills (under the pseudonym Max Steiner), or his knack for coercing nubiles into performing fantastically rude, nigh illegal acts for his lascivious lens. Nonetheless, some might label Max insensitive for the relentless, upside-down, anus-stabbing punishment-fuck he subjects dazzle-snatch Cindy to all over her parents' bedroom in Grand Prix. Others would object to the gallons of spit he drenches meaty-breasted Brooke Dunne with as she doles him an impossibly wet suck-off. Then there could be objections raised over the way Max treats exotic Dallas D'Amour—dragging her noked through a wooded area, gently rapping her noggin against a tree trunk as he pounds her turd-ring with jackhammer abandon. As noted, only some viewers of Max Hardcore skew negative. The rest of us find him a filthy fucking visionary, a Grand prick indeed.

—Selwyn Hanis



Grand Prix: Cindy spreads unholy for Hardcore.



SLOPPY SECONDS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jim Holliday; starring Angela Summers, Debi Diamond, Bionca, Tiffany Mynx, Lana Sands, Tammi Ann, Jon Dough, Peter North, T. T. Boy, Nick East, Alex Sanders and Marc Wallice. Videocassette: Plush Productions.

Coffee-shop waitresses have provided fantasy-fuck fodder to coffeine-singed mooks ever since the first patty melted. Director Jim Holliday takes the commonly held wish for a carnal counterwoman and fulfills it in *Sloppy Seconds*. The girls of *Sloppy* serve chili, burgers, fries, tits, cunts and thighs. The service sucks, fucks and gratefully accepts a testicle-drip tip straight to the face. Specialty of the house is the dirty anal screw, with side dishes of Debi Diamond eating dude butt, T. T. Boy and Peter North blasting bone juice on either side of a blondish choad magnet, a lithe little brunette gritting her teeth as a meat sword slips into her butthole sheath, and Nick East stacking and stuffing Bionca and Diamond after the two wantons have worn themselves out with a program of cunt calisthenics on the bed. *Sloppy Seconds* will cook up a mess.

—C. S.



Sloppy: Ginch serves herself a double.



RX FOR A GANGBANG

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Chuck Zane; starring Vanessa Chase, Kerri Downs, Kaitlyn Ashley, Sally Layd, Nikki Sinn, Jon Dough, Jay Ashley, Frank Towers, Blake Palmer, Marc Wallice and Nick Pierce. Videocassette: Zane.

Vanessa Chase is sick. Dr. Jon Dough and Nurse Sally Layd shrewdly diagnose her as being in need of a cock in her ass and a clit in her mouth. Methodically—and bone-inspiringly—the medics apply their treatment. Kerri Downs chronically squirts, spewing flue-fluid all over physician Blake Palmer. Downs's syndrome seems incurable as she drips incessantly while Palmer, Dough, Chase, Layd and Nikki Sinn climb atop her and about her in coitus, with the highest Hippocratic intentions. Kaitlyn Ashley's pussy lips dangle like the ears of a basset hound. Whether or not five guys pounding her every hole will correct this affliction is unclear: Kaitlyn goes ahead with such therapy anyway, just to be sure. Chuck Zane is a skilled progenitor of filthy videos. Rx for a Gangbang is a fine example of his work, and will help reduce swelling in patients with bulging loins in one hand and a TV remote in the other.

—S. H.



Rx: Meat and muff make Layd's best medicine.

6

PUSSYMAN 8: THE SQUIRT QUEENS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by David Christopher; starring Lilli Xene, Rebecca Lord, Bionca, Summer Knight, Melissa Monet, Nikki Sinn, Judy, Jon Dough, Steven St. Croix, Tom Chapman, Wil Divide, David Christopher and Mike Albo. Videocassette: Snatch Productions.

Pussyman 8 will not settle the debate regarding the yellow fluid that gushes from some gifted XXX starlets' fuckholes—namely, is it female ejaculate or just plain piss?—but this tape should launch the outlandishly voluptuous Lilli Xene straight to the top of porn's ever-shifting ginch-heap. Xene radiates raunch the moment she steps into the picture—ridiculously overinflated boobs first—to don a strap-on and twat-slap Bionca and Nikki Sinn, strip on a staircase and then down Jon Dough's dong before launching liquid from her undulating labia. Ever-reliable Rebecca Lord lights up a second all-girl orgy, then munches on and scrunches between Dough and Steven St. Croix. The other girls, leaky or not, are vibrant, even electrifying, as is the direction by Pussyman himself, David Christopher. Only the absence of anal sex prevents The Squirt Queens from attaining Fully Erect review status; the stroker at home should have no such trouble.

—S. H.



Squirt Queens: Monet on Chapman's cock throne.



NEW ENDS 9

Half Erect. Directed by Ed Powers; starring Misty Rain, Anisa, Gualdalupe, Victoria Gold, Kalani, Lydia and Ed Powers. Videocassette: 4-Play.

Ed Powers fans may expect more of the same from the latest edition of his *New Ends* series, in which the increasingly gnomelike filmmaker violates varying-in-quality, previously unplunged girly-butts, but this ninth outing provides a few cock-pleasing surprises. Topping the list is the taut, naturally busty, brick-shithause body of bland Victoria Gold. Gold is a hardened-but-giddy 18-year-old who first reveals the astonishingly young age at which she gave up her virginity and then revels in the cock-attack Powers launches against her poop gate. Later, alluring nookienymph Misty Rain defies all sense by deploying Powers as the first thing with a penis to defile her on camera. The remaining talent ranges from young, swarthy and ugly, to old, wizened and ugly. *New Ends 9* also dotes uncomfortably long on Powers's own grotesque physique—one shot of his sack-of-yogurt ass, in fact, figures as some sort of anti-erotic milestone—much more so than previous installments. Considering this trend, *New Ends 9* is okay, but the world should be vigilantly wary of volume ten.

—S. H.



New Ends 9: Same old Powers...only fatter.



You still so horny?

THE GANG'S ALL HAIRY

It happened last January, and it had to be seen to be believed, but that doesn't necessarily mean anyone *should* see it. Nonetheless, *The World's Biggest Gang-Bang*—in which Annabel Chong endured the sweaty, relentless affection of scores of unsavory porn junkies—will be coming to video from Fantastic Pictures in the Spring of 1995.

Chong, under the direction of dubiously innovative sleaze maven John T. Bone, was fucked some 250 consecutive times in a Hollywood studio over the course of a dreary Sunday by penis-wielders culled from the ranks of XXX fandom. Ron Jeremy—whose resplendent foulness paled in comparison to most of the assembled skeeves—hosted the proceedings, capping

things off by being Chong's 251st, and final, defiler.

The whole event was exactly as appealing as it sounds.

Catch an in-depth feature article on this squalid milestone, written by scum pundit Selwyn Harris in the August HUSTLER.





Her parents must be proud.

~

STRAP-ON SALLY VOLUME 3

Half Erect. Directed by Jim Gunn; starring Ariana, Shane Tyler, Cherry Heather, Jessica James, Roxxi Raye, Shannon Rush, VixXxen Vaughn, Corey Caine and Chantilly Lace. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Any man who believes that women are good only for one thing, and that said thing is hanging between his legs, should watch Strap-On Sally Volume 3 and broaden his view. According to Strap-On, the female is also of value as a snatch-sucker, a tit-chomper, a greased-lady-ass grabber, a fish fingerer, a bitch-orgy participant, a dildo pitcher, a dildo catcher, and a means by which to move large quantities of silicone from one place to another. A woman, or slut, as the promotional copy terms the strippers-turned-schtuppers of Strap-On 3, needn't be exceptionally beautiful to perform this pantheon of redeeming acts; she can, in fact, be a slight degree skanky, with a tinge of the skag. She need only be prepared for strap-on tit-fucking, strap-on self-fellatio and the strap-on double penetration of a blow-up doll. Strap on 3 and jerk off once or twice.



Strap-On 3: Tyler and Lace astride Ariana.



PRIVATE VIDEO MAGAZINE 17

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Berth Milton; starring Inna, Angelicka, Tanja, Lisa, a Few More Chicks and About Ten Dudes. Videocassette: Private Pictures/Odyssey Group.

Anyone who's been jerking off long enough to retain a memory of the Swedish | decode—the message is choad. Magazine 17 must be the threesome issue,

Erotica loop series of yore will recognize similar picture-perfect pussy pounding in the vignettes of *Private Magazine 17*. Shot in a quick, to-the-bone style that is lush with skin and sin, the Private line of brief sexual incidents features European studs banging the mash out of foreign femmes. Sometimes the dialogue is in a tongue other than English, but the conversations are simple to

decode—the message is choad. Magazine 17 must be the threesome issue, with emphasis on two dudes drilling a single broad, pumping penis into her triple rings and coughing up cum on either side of her face. Four of PVM17's six powerful and prolonged pistonings feature the two-male-single-cunt ratio, one reverses the odds, and another is even with two cocks servicing two slots. Every scene is worth a stroke.

—C. S.



SODOMANIA 10: EURO/AMERICAN

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Patrick Collins; starring Sindy Clair, Ariana, Vanessa Chase, Manika, Lulu, Cody O'Connor, Tina Schwartz, Christof Clark and Roscoe Bowltree. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Director Patrick Collins isn't the only porn maestro who can find a beauty as inspiring, fresh, gorgeous, lovely, angelic, pure, clean, happy, sexy, barely legal, alluring, proud, naturally leavened and classically proportioned as the dream child that is Sindy Clair, but he's one of the few who know what to do with her. No girl-girl-only clause in Sindy Clair's contract. To open Sodarmania 10, Sindy looks slightly askance at Continental gentleman Christof Clark, but sucks his dick willingly enough. Clark sneaks a finger in the sugary Clair's butthole, follows it with his tongue, then crams in his rod. He gives her shitter a rest, shifting his cock to her mouth, then plunges back into the paoper before splooging across her choir-girl cheekbones. Clair appears in one more of Sodo 10's half dozen degradations, this time on the end of slobbish Roscoe Bowltree's swollen putz, and he pulls off on her face too! Roscoe Bowltree won't be the only creep to bust his nuts from Sodarmania 10.

—C. S.



Sodomania 10: Vanessa Chase with gash on face.

6

WINTER HEAT

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Geoffrey Coldwater; starring Danyel Cheeks, Brooke Waters, Kirsty Waay, Sinnamon, Kira, Joey Silvera, Mike Horner, Geoffrey Coldwater, Andrew Wade, Jim Sparks and Davy Scarborough. Videocassette: Midnight.

Stunning in its ambitions, and stupefying in how close it comes to pulling them off, Geoffrey Coldwater's Winter Heat is the XXX surprise of the season. Danyel Cheeks and Brooke Waters play Hollywood hookers ruled over by evil Rasta-pimp Cyrus (Davy Scarborough, in charmingly anachronistic burnt-cork blackface). Mike Horner is the puerile mook who wants to whisk Cheeks away from it all. Throw in murderous flesh-merchant Joey Silvera, interracial lesbianism, extremely realistic public sex (the broad-daylight suckoff Kirsty Waay brokers to a john parked on Sunset Boulevard is astonishing), Kira's mouthwatering, rotund chocolate milk-sacks and the story's disquietingly violent overtones, and Winter Heat is the headiest plot-heavy porn brew to blow the consumer's way in some time. Too bad the ending—a to-be-continued copout—leaves viewers cold instead of chilled, for Winter Heat, until then, is an absolute scorcher.



Winter Heat: Cheeks melts the man.

Critical Conditioning

Photos by Michael James

Kim Chambers chows a pal.



Ariana undressed.

The X-Rated Critics' Organization (XRCO) staged its annual awards show this past February 3 at Los Angeles's swank Bel Age hotel. Numerous half-naked women and their hangers-on endured a few hours of overheated back-patting as the mooks who make their living watching fuck-movies saluted their favorites.

The XRCO's Best Film of the Year honors went to Dog Walker, whose creator, John Leslie, also took home a Best Director trophy. Bionca's Takin' It to the Limit won Best Video; Patrick Collins's Sodomania was named Best Video Series. Male and Female Performer of the Year status were accorded to Jon Dough and Leena, respectively; John "Buttman" Stagliano graciously accepted entrance into the XRCO's Hall of Fame.

Nobody loves a critic, but when they serve vegetable dip and hand out goofy little statues, the porn world—like the rest of the entertainment industry—can always pretend.



Kaylan Nicole assists a nip.



VixXxen and Rebbeca Bardoux.



RENEGADES

Half Erect. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Rebecca Wild, Felecia, Yvonne, Alex Sanders, Annabelle Dayne, Jordan Lee, Red Bone, Troy Lee, Austin Moore, Raveness, T. T. Boy, Tony Tedeschi and Buck Adams. Videocassette: Sin City.

As a director, Buck Adams attempts to do more to create an all-around entertainment within the confines of a porn flick than do most other helmsmen in the medium today. Considering the inherent limitations of skimpy XXX budgets, scant shooting time and hobbled behind-the-camera and onscreen talent. Adams's cum-spilling potbailers bear an amazing resemblance to straight Hollywood's action-drama extravaganzas. The shortcomings of Renegades—a wad shooter of the Mad Max Road Warrior genre—are numerous and obvious, as are its successes, and the sex is pretty good too, much of it shot outside, along a stretch of deserted highway, with chicks whose

skin is imbued with a pearly, trailer-park luminosity. A group sploage release comes first; next is Hispanic Felecia humping a bland fox; followed by T. T. Boy licking clit on the hood of a car; leading to a milkywhite strawberry blande kneeling for Tony Tedeschi's tool. Adams finishes off by planting a big kiss on a big-bust blonde after pumping wad on her chin. Renegades takes a good run down the road to choad. — C. S.



PEPSHOW

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Wesley Emerson; starring Tina Tyler, Felecia, Kylie Ireland, Debi Diamond, Ariana, Marc Wallice, Jake Williams, Melissa Monet, Victoria Andrews, Alex Sanders, Jay Ashley and Billy Rocket. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

Bad people make bad decisions. Al Goldstein, publisher of Screw magazine, is a lousy human. Goldstein's name appears upon the box of Peepshow, a XXX entertainment rife with poor judgment, and Goldstein himself appears wedged behind, and overflowing, a desk at the tape's start. Using a mouth that has evidently eaten truckloads of very ugly raw materials in the past few weeks, Goldstein harangues the very audience this product is aimed at, maligning the ill-served stroker as a lowly creature unfit for female companionship. Following Goldstein's fat-face diatribe, Ron Jeremy enters the picture as a leading character in Peepshow, his cock-willing mug ruining the eroticism of every single goddamn fuck. Bad idea. Did Goldstein think of that one?



Peepshow: Monet offers the closest look.

ROKER'

A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

Buttman's British Big Tit Adventure (Evil Angel)

Anjelica, Nita, Rocco Siffredi

New Wave Hookers 4 (VCA)

Tammi Ann. Chasey Lain, Leslie Forbes

Virgin Treasures (Private Video)

Brittania, Katie Bergman, Alberto Rev



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material

The Adventures of Major Moorehead (Sin City)

Shelby Stevens, Tera Hart, Mike Horner

Buttman's Wet Dream (Evil Angel)

Krysti Lynn, Anna Malle, Joey Silvera Don't Try This At Home

> Skye Blue, Summer Cummings, Ron Jeremy

Sordid Stories With the Pink Stiletto (Fantastic Pictures)

(Fantastic Pictures)

Kerri Downs, M. Tom Byron

Takin' It to the Limit 3 (Bruce Seven Productions)

Danyel Cheeks, Tiffany Million, Julian St. Jox

Wild Roomies (VCA)

Sarah-Jane Hamilton, Kelly Royce, Jonathan Morgan



HALF ERECT Standard fore. Has moments

The Breast Files (Avica)

Rebecca Bardoux, Jasper, Kyle Stone

Creme De La Face 2 (Odyssey Group)

Sydney Dance, Sonoma, Rodney Moore

Open Lips (Western Visuals) Anna Malle, Valeria, Cal Jammer

Seymore and Shane Do Ireland (Seymore's Home Movies)

Shane, Yvonne, Seymore Butts

Sluts 'N' Angels in Budapest (Elegant Angel)

Valentina, Aniku, Szolt



ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much

Anal Pandemonium (Totally Tasteless Video)

Shay Thomas, Sake St. Jermaine,

Dick Nosty

Barrio Babes (Sin City)

Alicia Rio, Asia Carrera, Tara Monroe



TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut (Leisure Time Video)

> Jasmine Aloha, Letha Weapons, John Wayne Bobbitt

Margarita on the Rocks (Silver Foxx)

Traci Prince, Nicki Design, Jack Mann

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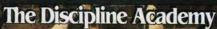
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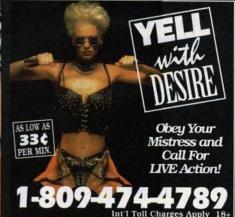




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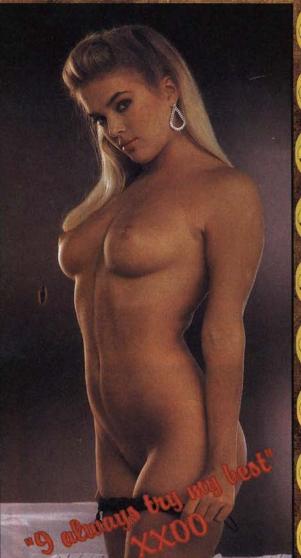
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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 17)

politicians you vote in who make the decisions we obey. We do our job for our country proudly, even if that means leaving our families and the comforts of home for long periods of time. I have only one thing to say to you, S. S., and all the people who think like you: Try putting your life on the line for people you don't know. Until you've walked a day in our shoes, do not deface an excellent magazine like HUSTLER by whining to us grunts. Mercenaries perhaps, but mercenaries for mercy!

—T.D.

Petawawa, Ontario, Canada

Dog Meet Dog

In the April '95 issue, I read an interview with an animal porn star, Corky the Dog ("HUSTLER Interview: Corky the Dog," Bits & Pieces, April '95). In the interview, you said there were movies made by this porn star. Are they available, or is there a way to get these bestial films? If it is possible, please send me any information you might have. Thanks.

—R. H.

San Luis Obispo, California

Since you missed the satirical point of our interview spoof with Corky the Dog, R. H., let us clarify. First, there are no canine porn stars that we know of (Ron Jeremy notwithstanding). Secondly, dogs can't talk. Point three: You sound like a cop.

Tails, You Win!

It took me two years to convince my girlfriend to let me fuck her in the ass. Then,
a month ago, she agreed. Now she loves
it. What's the problem, you ask? She's
become obsessed with anal sex. She
wants it in the ass two or three times a
day now. Don't get me wrong; I love it,
but I would like some pussy now and
then. What's a guy to do?

—T. D.
Jacksonville, Florida

Tough dilemma, T. D. You could go on an anal strike, demanding she shut her pooper and open her poon. If she still refuses to forsake her daily anal injections, break up with her immediately, leave town and send her home address to HUSTLER Editors, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. We'll see what we can do.

Asshole Defends Same

I must express my displeasure at your choosing Susan Smith for your latest "Asshole of the Month," ("Asshole of the Month," Bits & Pieces, March '95). Susan

Smith was probably going through some very trying and uncertain times when she killed her sons, and it is very cruel of you to bring her down even more. If you would think for a moment, you would realize that it is inconsistent to advocate gratuitous sex the way you do and then speak against the destruction of one of the unfortunate byproducts of sex. Also, procreation in this day and age is the source of overpopulation which, in turn, is the source of many pressing environmental issues. I have bought your magazine before, but after this, I don't think you will receive any more of my patronage.

—T. A.

St. Peters, Missouri

It's difficult to forgive a mother who purposely drowns her two infants and blames the murderous deed on an innocent black man. Then again, we've never considered children an "unfortunate by-product of sex." Maybe HUSTLER is the wrong magazine for you, T. A. We recommend Proctology Today.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



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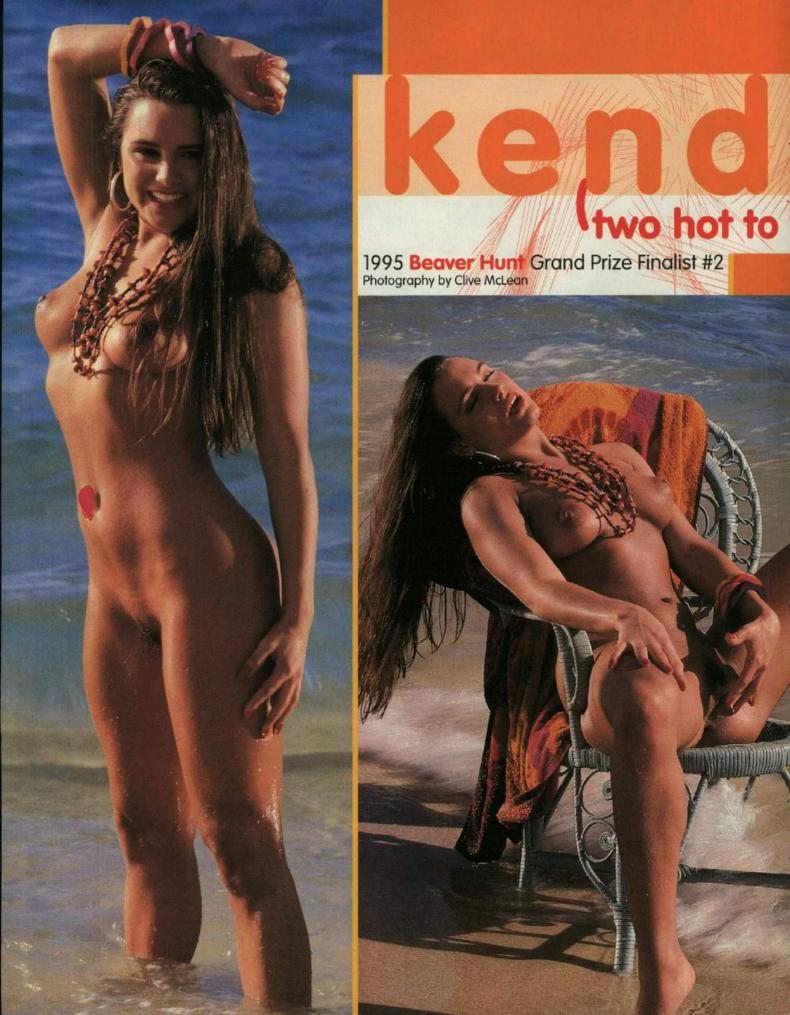






* Free cell is up to 3 minutes. Regular L.D. may apply. Adults over 18 cely. After this cell, we'll tell you all about our easty pay-per-cell se

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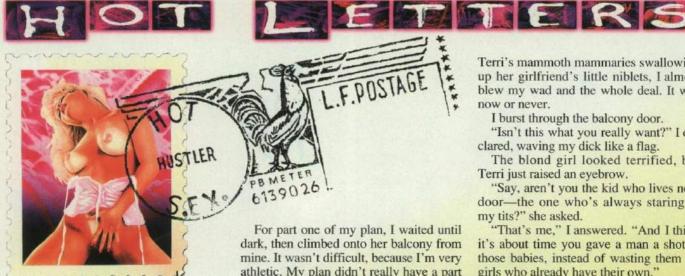












ANNIVERSARY BASH

I feel a special bond with HUSTLER because we grew up together. We both turned 21 this year-same month too. To celebrate the momentous occasion, I wanted to indulge in a HUSTLERflavored activity.

I read Hot Letters faithfully, and they've always provided excellent whacking fodder, but the stuff in them never happens to me. I have lots of sex, of course, but nothing unusual worth writing about. So, for our birthdays, I decided to make something unusual happen.

My favorite Hot Letters are the ones where a guy transforms a lesbian into a dick-licking, pussy-plunging cum glutton by the sheer force of his tool. These letters never fail to flush every ounce of churning choad out of my sac, but they are more than just hot-they are also right, because where do these chicks get off turning down cock? Lesbians are a slap in the face to all mankind. I chose to enact one of these letters.

I happen to live next door to a raging carpet-muncher. Terri's got the lesbo look down pat-short, spiky hair left over from the mid-80s; tribal tattoos; pierced eyebrow; no makeup-but none of that shit can hide her angelic face and a pair of stupendous breasts that are always threatening to spill out the sides of her sleeveless undershirts.

Our apartments have balconies off the bedrooms that are only about three feet apart. The few times I've seen Terri out on hers, she wrinkles her nose at the fat, juicy steak I'm grilling and runs inside as if she's just smelled shit. Maybe if she spent an hour or two outside and got some meat inside her she wouldn't be so pale. Well, I intended to get some meat inside her.

athletic. My plan didn't really have a part two, but I figured something would come to me after I scoped out her apartment. Luckily, the curtains were slightly parted. I peeked into her dimly lit bedroom.

What a score! Terri was leaning in her bedroom doorway kissing a cute chick with long, blond hair and snaking her hand way up the girl's skirt. I could convert two militant muff divers to heterosexuality in one night! I immediately freed my cock to prepare it for action. As Terri-obviously the "man"-led the blond babe to the bed, I skillfully stroked my member to its full, lip-smacking (for a girl, of course) eight inches.

I watched in awe as Terri pulled her shirt over her head, revealing the twin sources of many a sticky morning puddle in my bed. They were more perfect than I'd imagined-round and white as two scoops of vanilla ice cream, topped by crisp maraschino cherries. Terri removed her companion's blouse and drew the blond girl to her chest. At the sight of



Terri's mammoth mammaries swallowing up her girlfriend's little niblets, I almost blew my wad and the whole deal. It was now or never.

I burst through the balcony door.

"Isn't this what you really want?" I declared, waving my dick like a flag.

The blond girl looked terrified, but Terri just raised an eyebrow.

"Say, aren't you the kid who lives next door-the one who's always staring at my tits?" she asked.

"That's me," I answered. "And I think it's about time you gave a man a shot at those babies, instead of wasting them on girls who already have their own."

"You're absolutely right," Terri agreed, turning to her gal pal. "Kelly and I were just saying that what we really need is a man. Why don't you make yourself comfortable?"

It was really working! I whipped off my clothes and settled back on the kingsize bed. Before I could object, Terri and Kelly took my wrists and tied them to the bedposts.

"Hey!" I yelled, kicking at them.

"Please?" cooed Terri, dangling her giant jugs in my face. "This is how we like it."

I stopped struggling and let them tie my ankles too. I figured I would ease them into more normal sex gradually. The girls stripped off the rest of their clothes, climbed on the bed and knelt at either of my shoulders.

"Who's first, ladies?" I asked.

Without answering, they drew in close to each other, kissing and mashing their tits together in a tepee right above

"What about me?" I yelled.

Terri slipped two fingers into Kelly's snatch. Just out of reach of my frantically jabbing tongue, she strummed the blonde's swollen clitty with her thumb. Kelly moaned and slowly swayed her hips. My cock almost burst when her musky odor wafted down to my nostrils. Feeling me struggling to get free, Terri sped up her finger fuck, and Kelly writhed on the pistoning hand. I eagerly lapped up the droplets flying off Kelly's pussy.

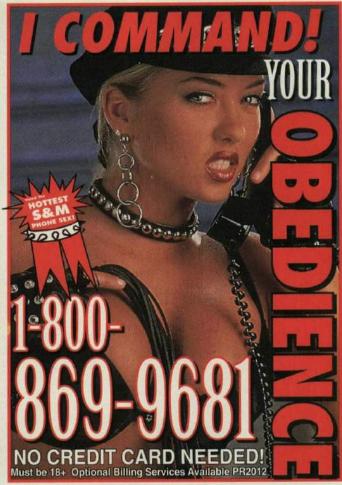
"Eat my asshole!" she begged. "Yes, yes, anything!" I exclaimed.

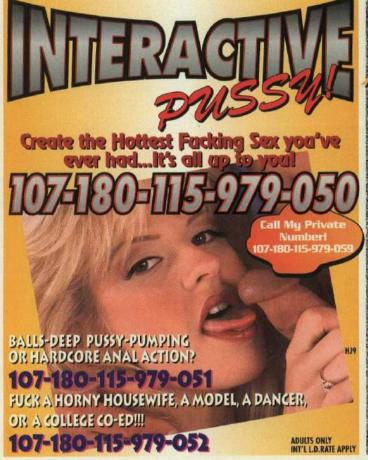
But the girls ignored me and moved to the foot of the bed. On the way down, Kelly dragged her hair lightly along my torso and over my cock, like hundreds of tiny pinpricks.

"I can't hold out much longer," I informed them.

Kelly got on her hands and knees be-









Hot Letters She pried her tongue loose from the blonde's clenched bung and, looking me right in the eye, dropped a six-inch string of spittle into Kelly's pooper, then slurped it back up.

tween my legs, giving my dangerously distended balls a little nudge with her big toe. I was face to face with her plump, round, edible ass and glistening, golden bush. Kneeling at her side, Terri nibbled and stroked the soft cheeks with one hand, digging her fingers into Kelly's cunt again with the other. Gently parting the warm buns. Terri ran her tongue up along the crack and plunged it into Kelly's gleaming knothole. The blond bitch squealed and shook her bottom at the electric touch of Terri's tongue against her asshole.

My cock quivered with frustration and rage. "Please let me go!" I pleaded.

Terri finally seemed to hear me. Her fingers still buried in juicy cunt, she pried her tongue loose from the blonde's clenched bung and, looking me right in the eve, dropped a six-inch string of spittle into Kelly's pooper, then slurped it back up.

"Please relieve me," I implored, tears in my eyes. "Please give me something."

"I'll give you something," Terri sneered. Leaving Kelly collapsed in a sweaty heap, she crawled up and squatted over my face. The yeasty fumes almost made me pass out, but I bravely thrust my tongue into Terri's cheese-crusted hole and swabbed it clean.

Terri moaned and humped her clit against my nose, coming with a tangy splash. My dick exploded in fury, plastering Kelly's snoozing bod with prick paste. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"You're a good sport," Terri conceded as she loosened my bonds. "I'll let you go without cutting your dick off-this time.

So my Hot Letter didn't turn out exactly as I'd planned, but I can't complain. In fact, I'm going to go back to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner from May 1975 and work my way up. Now where the hell am I go--D. W. ing to find a swan?

Berkeley, California

IT FELT LIKE A KISS

My wife has been frigid since the day I married her, but we agree that it isn't my fault. I lick her pussy until my tongue can scrape the finish off a dresser, but she never has an orgasm-or even gets very juiced up, for that matter. We go through buckets of lube to keep my cock from getting hung up on her dry cunt walls. Being Catholic, she just can't quite relax or cut loose.

The irony is that Katie is incredibly hotlooking, like she was built for sex. She has yards of wavy, naturally blond hair; plump, rosy lips perpetually puckered in a kiss; pink-nipped, powder-puff breasts that

curve delicately outward and the world's most amazing butt, as firm and springy as a Sealy Posturepedic mattress. Sometimes, the only thing that gets me through another lousy day at the post office is the thought of coming home and burying my face between those two round, ripe cheeks and breathing in the sweet, earthy scent of Katie's asshole-although she won't let me go so far as to eat it out.

Just looking at Katie makes me rockhard, and she is perfectly willing to be fucked every night if I ask, but as long as she's not satisfied, there's something missing from our sex life. Consequently, I whack off a lot. Not to videos-God forbid I bring those into the house. I keep a supply of HUSTLERs out in the garage. where I spend every weekend and some weeknights "working on the car." My collection goes back to the very first HUSTLER I bought when I turned 18, in September 1981. These magazines have meant so much to me over the years that I can't part with a single sticky issue.

I figured I was safe hiding my library under stacks of old newspapers in the garage since Katie doesn't drive and has no reason to go out there. I didn't know about Katie's new recycling kick.

One Saturday, I went out to the garage and found Katie perched on a stepladder, assorted HUSTLERs strewn at her feet, and in her hands-uh-ohthe very smudged and battered October 1990 issue, featuring my all-time favorite HUSTLER Honey: Billie, of the sleepy eyes and pendulous breasts.

"I can explain, honey," I lied frantically. "This guy from work who lives with his mother....

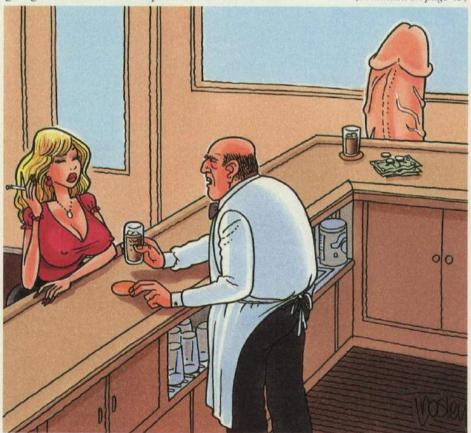
"Don't try to spare my feelings," sniffed Katie. She wasn't angry, "I know I've been a poor wife. If I were a good wife, you wouldn't need these." She looked forlornly at the pile of magazines as if it were another woman.

I felt awful. "Honey, I love you," I

insisted. "You're a good wife."
"No." She shook her head emphatically, "I'm bad. I should be punished." She stood up and pulled her shorts down to her ankles, followed by her bright, white-cotton briefs. I was dumbstruck. In six years of marriage, I had never seen Katie voluntarily drop her drawers unless she was squatting over a toilet. Now here she was standing in the garage in the middle of the day with her pubes hanging out.

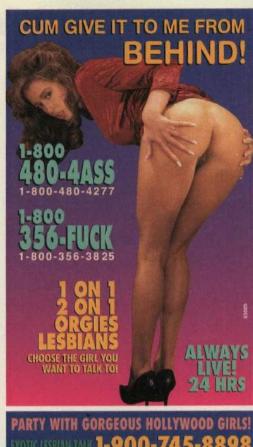
"I wish you wouldn't punish me, but I know I deserve it," said Katie, hanging her head.

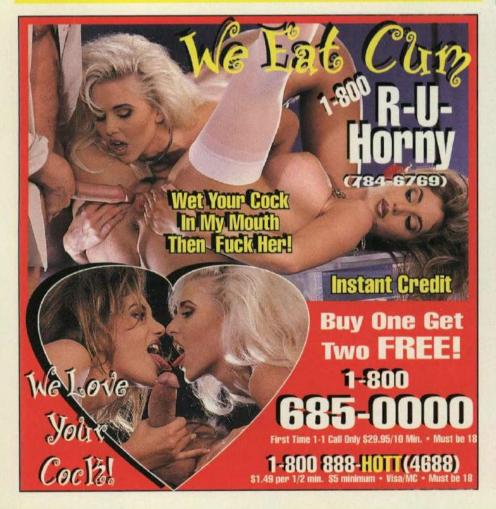
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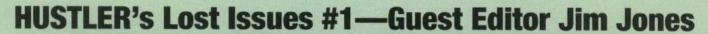
"It's been taken care of....











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SHE'S DYING!!!
SHE'S OUR
CENTERFOLD!!!!

"BUY YA A
DRINK?"
MAKE A
KILLING
USING OLD
PICKUP
LINES

FIELD OF SCREAMS: IF YOU KILL THEM, HE WILL COME

HUSTLER

Sersonals

STRAIGHT FEMALES

23741- Candi - I have short brown hair & I'm looking for a man with a big dick that can be stuck in my tight pussy. All I want is sex. I'm horny & I want sex today. I even fantasize having 2 men at once.

24179- Wendy - I'm 5' 3" 120lbs, & really cute. I have blonde hair & hazel eyes. My breasts are 38A with sensitive pink nipples. I have a nice size clit & a tight ass. I want to be fucked & I want a man to totally dominate me 100%.

25046- Holly - I'm a 26 year old dirty blonde who's tall & leggy. My breasts are 34C with pink nipples. I have a fat pussy & tight ass. I'm very much into group sex, & I like to be spanked. I especially like my pussy to be eaten inside & out.

25343- Alesia - I'm pretty damn good looking. I have such a beautiful ass & I'm in need of a man. My blow jobs you will not believe. I need some help now to be fucked.

24986- Claudia - I'm 5' 10" blonde hair & blue eyed & I work out 5 days a week which is very important to me. My breasts are 38DD & I like everyday anyway you want to do it.

13326- Maria - I'm a 32 year old very practiced & sensual latin lady who stands 5' 4" with auburn hair. I have full lips, long shapely legs & my voluptuous measurements are 44DD-26-36. My but is nice & round, my pussy is always wet, & I love you to be inside me. I want every hole in my body filled.

19151- Rose - I'm a buxom blonde with blue eyes from Texas. My chest is 38DDD & I prefer to shave my pubic hair. I like to ride my man like a buckin' bronco, to feel his hard shaft up my ass moving faster & faster.

24106- Shelly - I'm a 5' 5" brunette with hazel eyes & I have a good figure. I have firm breasts & beauty marks all over my body. I like it everywhere possible, anywhere. I love a man in uniform & I like to be satisfied, fucked & licked.

19108- Kathy - I'm 5' 7" 125lbs, with 36D breasts & big hard nipples that stick out. I'm waiting to be sucked. My clit is big & it sticks out also when I'm getting fucked. My pussy is wet. Pubic hair is shaved. I like your dick deep in my pussy while I'm waiting for my clit to be sucked. I need to be eaten really well.

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Gay Males continued-

26069- Randy - I have blonde hair & hazel eyes & well built. My body is hot & my 9 incher is a hot throbbing piece of meat & needs to be satisfied. I like uninhibited hot & sweaty sex & have it all the time. Anything that turns you on.

25073- Courtney - I'm 19 year old 135lbs. & good looking & clean shaven. I like to frequent the underground sex clubs. I want my 7" dick sucked long & hard. I want to be fucked by a big black dick & be humiliated.

24153- Joey - I'm a 26 year old Italian body builder who's 200lbs. I'm a big stud & I like my 10" rock hard cock sucked. Get on your hands & knees & I'll fuck you all night long. I can get into some pretty rough sex.

BISEXUAL FEMALES

20532- Angel - I'm 5' 2" Mexican with brown hair & eyes with breasts 34B & pink nipples. My skin is soft & my pussy is well groomed. I take real good care of myself. I'm very hardcore & I want it all the time.

25921- Marianne - I'm a 40 year old 5' 4" bisexual weighing 138lbs. who has brown hair & eyes. I have soft, round breasts & shaved pussy that's wet & needs to be sucked on. I'm looking for a sincere friend who wants to be with me & a guy. I want adventure & I want to take care of others.

23147- Tiffany - I'm a light skinned 5' 8" bisexual from Trinidad who's measurements are 36-28-38. My breasts are firm, nipples are brown

& sensitive, my ass is fat & my big pussy is very juicy. I'm looking for a friendship with a bisexual who loves oral sex. I want no dikes or bitches.

24609- Coco - I have dark hair, 41" chest, big wide pussy & a fat ass that feels good when you caress it. I want a woman to make me & my man happy in bed.

LESBIANS

23700- Linda - I'm a 5' 2" black 25 year old who has a body like a model & breasts 38D with nice brown nipples. I get so wet when I'm horny. I keep my pussy shaved in a V-shape & I have a tattoo on my butt. My toes are so pretty & I love to lick pussy. I want a lady to cream all over my face.

21138- Donna - I'm 5' 7" 120lbs. latin lesbian who's interested in being with another woman for a very erotic experience. I'm clean shaven & I have hard nipples.

20408- Kelly - I'm a 26 year old 115lbs. soft skinned doll who wants a bi-curious female. My measurements are 34C-24-36. My pussy is nice & I have large suckable nipples on very firm breasts. I like to be kisses, loved & played with so let's play house.

20130- Dana - I'm 5' 7" heavy set dark skinned lesbian who has lovely lips & very bright & beautiful eyes. My pussy is tight, dark on the outside & pink on the inside. My ass is firm & solid. I want a black woman to satisfy who's soft & affectionate so that I can lick her pussy & make sweet passionate love to.

TRANSVESTITES

25628 - Samantha - I'm 5' 10" 135lbs. with brown hair and blue eyes. I have white, smooth and slender legs and my nipples are pink. I have not started developing yet but I need a man to train me to be a woman with dildo training, bondage, etc.

24263 - Bonnie - I'm 6' 0" 260lbs. American Indian and I have a big chest. I'm hot for some guy. I love sex and I love to have cum run down my big, deep throat.

COUPLES

13717 - Randy & Page - He's 5' 10" 1851bs, and in good shape. She's got big breasts with red nipples and looking good. They're looking for a woman to share their lives with who is very passionate, giving and attractive.

12418 - Joe & Cindy - Joe's a 30 year old with brown hair, blue eyes, hairy chest and stays hard. Cindy has a shaved pussy and she likes to be eaten. They both are very good looking and they like to party with all sorts of people.



GAY MALES

24991- Larry - I'm Asian & a surfer dude who's 5' 7". I have big calves, legs & arms. My cock is 5" which is just a mouthful. When I see guys at the beach, it makes me hot. I want someone to get on their knees & suck me dry & I'll do the same to him.

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SN ENT., LA/CA

(continued from page 39)

Hot Letters Katie screamed and jerked her body like a fish caught on a hook with each back-snapping thrust of my rod. I slapped her beet-red ass until she let loose with an unearthly howl.

Katie was acting truly bizarre. Could she have found my other stash too? I sniffed the air, and my eyes lighted on the October 1990 HUSTLER, spread open on the floor to an article titled Slap Happy. So that's what she was getting at. Miraculously, my most cherished kinky fantasy, one I had never dared to suggest, had lit a spark in sweet, mission-position-onlywith-the-lights-out Katie.

I sat on the stepstool and eagerly put my dear wife over my knee. She was quivering like a baby bird. Her heart pounded against my left leg, matching the throbbing of my cock.

"Please don't spank me," she begged, squirming and grinding her cunt into my right leg. "I'll be good."

My first awkward strike only glanced her writhing hip.

"Pleeeease don't spank me."

Taking better aim, I gently tapped her round cheeks, then quickly drew my hand back, afraid that I'd hurt her.

"Please don't spank me any HARDER," she pleaded, flopping in my lap.

Hitting my wife was more difficult than I'd anticipated. Closing my eyes, I brought my hand down on her bottom with all the strength I could muster.

"Owww!" she shrieked.

I opened my eyes. At the sight of the bright red handprint outlined on Katie's snowy ass flesh, my prick grew to mammoth proportions and pressed insistently into her belly. I hit her butt again, harder this time, and the slap rang like a pistol crack in the garage.

"Please don't," Katie cried, bucking

against my jean-covered knob.

I slapped her backside again and again until both tender cheeks glowed bright red. With each squeal from Katie, my dick swelled another inch. Finally, I had to release it from its painful confines. But when I shifted Katie's body to reach my fly, my hand slid between her slick cheeks and came up with a fistful of goo. Katie's muff was gushing out 28 years' worth of pent-up pussy juice. It was the day I'd been waiting for. She'd gotten her spanking thrills; I was going to dip my dick into that bubbling stew.

I lifted her hot, trembling body onto the hood of the car, spread her legs and took aim at her soggy twat. My cock slid in easily, and her slippery lips gently caressed my pumping prong. But after about 30 seconds, Katie's body grew stiff, her eyes took on a familiar vacant expression. and her pussy well abruptly dried up. Shit! I was sick of fucking a mannequin.

I pulled my cock out, climbed on the hood and roughly pushed Katie stomachdown against the windshield. Winding a hank of her golden curls around my fist, I yanked her head back and rammed my furious prick into her twat from behind, spanking her butt with the rolled-up October 1990 issue of HUSTLER in my other hand. Sure enough, the floodgates opened once more, and fragrant cunt oil seeped down the sides of my cock.

Katie screamed and jerked her body like a fish caught on a hook with each back-snapping thrust of my rod. I slapped her beet-red ass until she let loose with an unearthly howl. Her pussy walls melted around my dick, and she slumped over. I aimed my spurting prick at her face, but the splooge landed on the windshield. Katie gratefully licked it up.

Katie's still a very bad wife-and we couldn't be happier. Thanks, HUSTLER.

-S. F. Portland, Maine

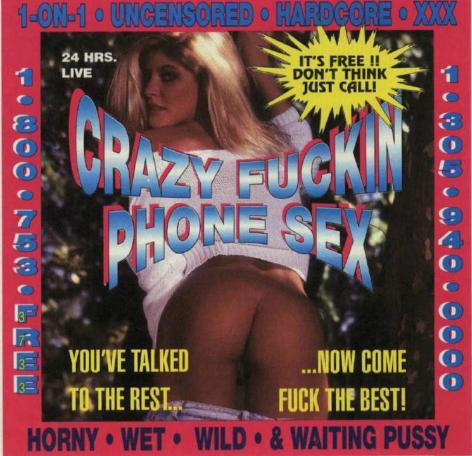
Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.











HUSTLER's Lost Issues #2—Guest Editor Jerry Falwell





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Superstars of Sex: The Hunks - Rocco pro-

Holland. Randy West and Selena grope, lick

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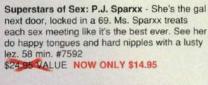
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Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing glies is a beautiful experience.

HUSTLER and Me

A Fucker's Testimonial

Witnessing by Carl C

During the past 21 years, the HUSTLER program of selfrealization has guided the elite of America's avidly heterosexual males, and the women they have touched. toward the plateau of full-genitality. The HUSTLER reader is more than a passive consumer of words and images. America's Magazine embodies a set of active principles that, when subscribed to along with the periodical, lead to an erotic fulfillment that is the envy of any other U.S. publication's reader base.

Carl C. is a 39-year-old electrical contractor who makes his home in the midwestern breadbasket. Divorced once, seven years ago, for the past 36 months Carl has lived with Annette, a 31-year-old former stripper who now oversees a temporary secretarial service. Carl fucks Annette on average three times weekly. During the frenzy of their early dating, Annette occasionally brought a coworker or former dance colleague along to share with Carl, but over the past two years the couple has been primarily monogamous.

Carl knows the value of a good thing, and he doesn't have time for horseshit. He seldom misses a month of HUSTLER Magazine, and he's been implementing the HUSTLER way into his life since the age of 18, when he picked up one of the first issues of Larry Flynt's blueprint for fine living. What follows is Carl's story, the record of one man employing the precepts of one magazine to unleash the sexual dynamo within.

My name is Carl, and I'm a lucky bastard. I was just a kid when I picked up HUSTLER, and right away I saw it

> the newsstand--which was a good thing, because I was starting to

think that I was the only guy in the world who saw women and everything else the way I did. It was getting lonely

I had these strange feelings. and I couldn't very well talk to my mother about them. Sex was still new to me; it was like a whole unexplored universe opening up, and I didn't know what much of it meant. Was I a pervert? Could I be cured? Did I want to be cured? The kind of stuff that I was thinking when my dick got hard could not be normal.

There was this one chick I'd known in high school; I'd see her around, and I'd just picture my tongue sliding way up her butthole. About ten seconds into the fantasy, my prick would be rigid and ripping out of my cords. I could hardly wait to get my hands on it. Who was I

supposed to talk to about wanting to smear my mouth all around some broad's shithole? I sure as fuck knew enough not to take it to my priest or my girlfriend. Even the dudes I hung out with couldn't be trusted with this information. For all I knew, wanting to chew out some chick's ass meant I was a fagget God forbid. It's funny now, but when I was a kid, it really scared me.

I'd read "The Playboy Advisor," hoping they had a clue what was up, but all they told me was that my trouser cuffs were the wrong width What had I expected? The Playboy models never even had real pussies. So I tried the other stroke magazines. "Penthouse Forum" was not very reassuring If the shit-ass Penthouse letters were to be believed. I was going to end up "engaging in intercourse" with some amputee's stub up my ass I was pretty confused. My testosterone was raging out of control, and I was trying to keep everything locked down

HUSTLER gave me the freedom to follow my urges. The first HUSTLER I saw, I'll never forget it, My girlfriend's old man had just caught me screwing her while she was supposed to be in school, so I was over at my buddy Mario's pad, afraid to go home because my girlfriend's old man was a cop and a boozer and had a gun and probably wanted to save her for himself and all that shit. Me and Mario were doing bong hits with his little brother's pot It was 1974; everybody was doing bong hits Mario lived with his mom because he was a bum and she was divorcing his old man, so she didn't say fuck about what Mario did. One of her boyfriends had traded Mario this magazine for a couple of doobies, It was a HUSTLER, probably the third or fourth issue. I remember two things about it. One of the chicks had a shaved snatch, and the broad in the centerfold had a great butt, and they were showing it all -including the asshole.

"I'm so high, Mario, that I could eat a dozen of those little chocolate doughnuts," I said. I had the munchies, and I swear to God I meant the kind of doughnuts that come in a packet from Hostess.

"Right on," agreed Mario, misunderstanding what I'd meant "That is the tastiest asshole on any chick I've ever seen. I'd eat her pussy too.

Maybe because the weed made me paranoid, I suspected that Mario was shitting me to see if I were some kind of asshole-licking freak; so I didn't say anything until I took a look at Mario. He was drooling and grinning and too stoned and stupid in love with that chick's butthole to be fucking with me. Mario, I suddenly realized, was one of the great minds of history. I'd never felt closer to another man, and it was all because of a picture of an anus in a HUSTLER magazine.

HUSTLER broadened my sexual attitudes right away, from that first day Mario's mom came home from her macrame class while I was nodding out in her refrigerator. and I found myself looking at her in a way that I'd never looked at anybody's mother before. I'd been stoned around

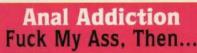
(continued on page 51)





















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HUSTLER's Lost Issues #3—Guest Editor Jerry Seinfeld

ER STER

A MAGAZINE ABOUT

ULY 1995 \$5.99

MY GIRLFRIEND SHOSHANNA: "I HAVE CLIMBED THE MOUNTAINTOP."

WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH TITS? WHY CAN'T I HAVE A PAIR? WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE LEGAL AGE OF CONSENT? WHY IS IT SO HIGH?

IS IT FUN BEING ME? ASK MY PENIS

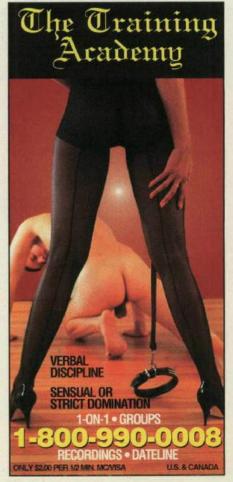




Parody. Not to be taken seriously. Jerry Seinfeld did not conceive this cover.









(continued from page 47)
Mario's mom a thousand times;
so I knew it wasn't the reefer. It
was the HUSTLER magazine.

Where had I been looking all those years while we were growing up? Mario's old lady had knockers, and I couldn't stop staring at them. That went on for so long that finally she bent down to make eye contact with me

and asked if I'd close the refrigerator door. The ice cream was going to melt if I kept it open any longer.

So I closed the refrigerator door and kept staring into the eyes of Mario's mom. I couldn't think of her name to save my life, but I wasn't stupid. I'd gotten smarter, because of the HUSTLER magazine. And I saw that Mario's old lady knew that I was looking at her in a way that I'd never looked at anybody's mother before. And she didn't mind. In fact, I sensed that she liked it and would soon be urging me to look deeper into her.

One week earlier, and the realization that my pal's mom was playing me for a fuck would have creeped me out completely. But in the ensuing seven days, I'd stared into the seething, sensual heart of a HUSTLER magazine. That's the way I stared at Mario's old lady, moving closer to her. We met halfway, and she took me into her bedroom to change a lightbulb she couldn't get Mario the Bum to deal with.

I was standing on Mario's mom's bed, reaching up for the light fixture. She was kneeling there, looking up, with her ear perked right against my jeans as if she were listening for my cock. So I dropped a hand to her head and pressed her hair up-against my Levis. We were off. It was like flicking a switch. My interest in becoming an electrician can be traced back to that afternoon.

At that point in my life, I'd mostly just been fucking my girlfriend, but I wasn't a lame. I knew that the longer I fucked Mario's mom, the better. I didn't want to eat her pussy at first. Mario had come out of that hole, after all, and it looked a little beat compared to the few I'd been close to. Still, once my tongue hit the old lady's clit, I had a revelation: Pussy's always beautiful when you're eating it right.

I was blown away by the whole experience, and I forgot all about my girlfriend's jealous old man cop. Until I got home. He was planted a few houses down in an unmarked sedan. He was too juiced up to see me walking by; so I went over and said "what's happening" to him, just to get it over with. He offered me \$1,300 if I wouldn't "come round his daughter no more." No skin off my dick. I accepted. I was done with the daughter anyway. After Mario's mom, I was thinking the cop's wife might be ripe.

There was only one problem. I worried that by fucking Mario's old lady, I had become a motherfucker. Most people's dads, it seemed, did it, but I knew that motherfucking was a very bad activity to be guilty of. I wasn't sure exactly why. It seems almost unbelievable to me now in the 1990s, when every grade schooler can read about why Johnny's two daddies sleep in the same bed, but I only had a vague idea of what the term *motherfucker* meant, and I was old enough to vote for President.

Finally, the motherfucking anxiety got to me, and I went to the only people I could trust. I got the number out of a HUSTLER I'd shoplifted at Stop 'n' Go, and I phoned the magazine's offices in Ohio. The third person I talked to was an editor. He assured me that I did not qualify for motherfucker "ignominy" unless I had fucked my own mother. I hung up the phone and went and took a long, searching look at Mom. She was nice and everything, but I was in no danger of falling into motherfucking temptation.

After that contact, I felt more of a personal bond with HUSTLER Magazine. When Larry Flynt got shot, it was like a part of me got shot, because I was learning more from HUSTLER than how to jack off and screw my friends' moms. HUSTLER is about thinking for myself and not letting anybody tread on me. I'm an American, and I'm a man, and I'll do what it

takes to ensure that those two things continue to mean something. Maybe I'm a stand-up bro because I read HUSTLER, and maybe I read HUSTLER because I'm a stand-up bro. It doesn't fucking matter which.

I didn't stick with Mario's mom for very long. I probably only screwed her about 20 times. I've done a lot of sex. I was curious, and I liked it. Me and another dude went on a run in my twenties, tag-teaming bitches. I met a lady and hooked up with her, but our marriage fell apart. It would have been easy to chuck it all then and just give up, just like it would have been easy for Larry Flynt to say "fuck it" and quit after he got shot. That ain't the way it's done. HUSTLER and hookers saw me through.

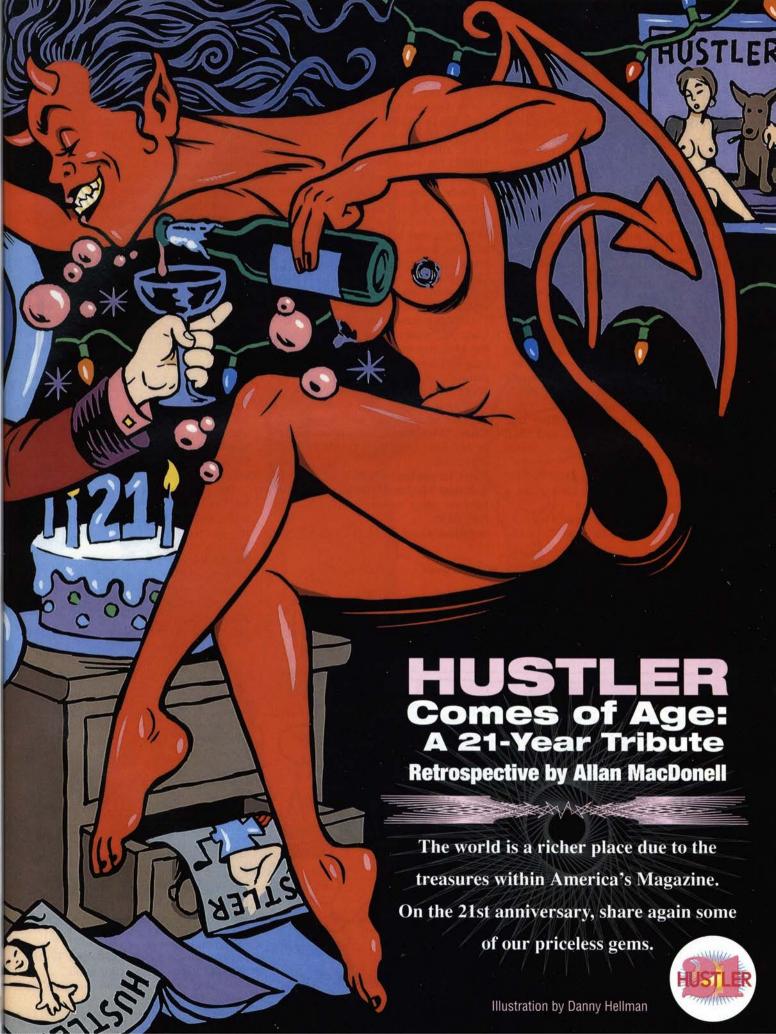
Butt-fucking my chick, some bondage, a little spanking—I'm still into some of that. HUSTLER's been along for the whole trip, and it's even gone places I don't go myself, but I'll read about it. Like golden showers, drag queens, enemas, that big-baby trip with grown men in diapers—all that type of shit. It's cool.

I'm still curious about what people do when they get naked. I like to look at the Honeys and to laugh about fucking. So many people take it too fucking serious. I don't want my sex life or any part of my life to get stale. And this fucking magazine better never get stale either, or the motherfuckers who put it out will hear from me. I take HUSTLER personally.



"I'll eat your pussy when I can lift my leg over my head. Then I can lick my ass and get the taste out of my mouth."





Coming of Age ... a 50-year-old centerfold, black stud Butch dangling over his

white Georgia Peach, a half-done sex change, a girl blowing smoke rings from her pussy....

In 1974, Larry Flynt recognized a void and filled it. *Playboy* and *Penthouse* didn't go far enough. Flynt envisioned a magazine of high-quality printing, photography and editorial content, with irreverent, incessant humor, open-eyed looks at sexual and social topics too real for soft-focus, and honey-dripping models who fuck for the sake of orgasm.

Larry Flynt created a magazine for, by and about its readers.

JULY '74 to JUNE '75: Year One

Our initial year saw the establishment of HUSTLER Humor, Bits & Pieces, Feedback and Sex Play. The girls of HUSTLER were post-'60s, free-lovin' hippie chicks whose snatches were far bushier than what we see today, with the exception of September's shaved beaver.

The Mid-'70s HUSTLER Philosophy of Sex: "If you dig it, do it. If you don't, don't." And, "Cool, man."

Words to the Wise: "Remember that fucking a chick in the ass and then balling her in the cunt can cause serious infection in her vagina."

What Sort of Man Reads HUSTLER? A stud whose love hose looks like a baby's arm clutching a plum.

JULY '75 to JUNE '76: Year Two HUSTLER's motto became "For the Rest of the World." The anniversary cover depicted the *Playboy* Bunny and *Penthouse* Turtle dead beneath a HUSTLER Honey's platform wedgie. "The thing that is going to make HUSTLER stand out," promised Larry, "is its honesty and integrity."

Nude photographs of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis propelled our August '75 edition to collector's item status.

Other visual highlights included a girl with her snake, a 50-year-old centerfold, black stud Butch dangling over his white Georgia Peach, a half-done sex change, a girl blowing smoke rings from her pussy, and our first blonde on a beach.

On the humor front, "Most Tasteless Cartoon" became an institution. Chester the Molester made his furtive entrance, tampon jokes were in full flow, and hemorrhoid gags flared uncontrollably.

More Words to the Wise: "When your cock is in her ass, it is wise to fill her vagina with several of your fingers."

Guess Who Won: Competition was stiff in our first *Unbiased Guide to Men's* Magazines.

Most Important Contribution to the X-Rated Motion Picture: HUSTLER's hard-on rating system is introduced for fuck flicks.

Sensitive Guys Read HUSTLER Too:

Now dead and rolling in his grave, 1970s porn meat Mark "10½" Stevens peeped: "It really gets me upset when I have to come all over a girl's face. It's not natural; it's abnormal sex."

Cynicism Beyond Our Years: "All it takes is a little bread to turn a hard-nosed bitch into a cooing dove."

Pioneering Animal Activism: Deepthroater Linda Lovelace on all fours beneath the loving paws of a large dog.

JULY '76 to JUNE '77: Year Three

Our bicentennial-anniversary special celebrated two years of HUSTLER and 200 years of freedom in the United States. A swatch of pubic hair curled out around Old Glory on our July cover, a classic image recently emblazoned upon a Black Crowes CD.

Bucky Beaver climbed aboard as HUSTLER's indomitable mascot, and the shit hit the fan. Our Special Prison Issue featured a *Publisher's Statement* written from the Cincinnati jail. Larry had been convicted of pandering, obscenity and engaging in organized crime for putting out a publication enjoyed by 3 million readers.

On a rosier note, the Honeys of HUSTLER were spreading their pussies wider and blushing Technicolor, prompting the rhetorical question: "Who says pink isn't a man's color?"

Most Obscene Photos: Grisly pictorials of the charred-meat horrors of war.

Where Are They Now? A gaggle of next-door labes flashed their first *Beaver Hunt* gash.

Quote of the Year: "When I started shooting, I yanked my thumb out of her ass, which made her travel all over the bed searching for it."

Literary Dimensions: From an interview with dirty old man Charles Bukowski: "I've tried to fuck panties, but high-heeled shoes are better."

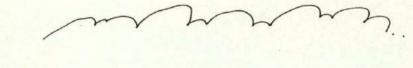
More Than We Needed to See: Credibility-strained sex researcher Shere Hite's unruly bush—with a tampon string hanging out.

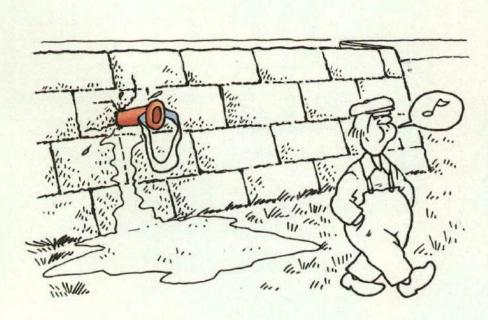
JULY '77 to JUNE '78: Year Four

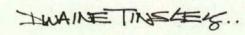
The year saw the world's first Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold, the world's hairiest woman unclothed, Larry Flynt's conversion to born-again Christianity, the infamous woman-in-a-meat-grinder covergirl, HUSTLER's move from Ohio to California and an assassin's bullets taking Larry down in Georgia. So much trauma would kill a lesser magazine.

Prosecuting Attorney Tells the Truth: "HUSTLER will blow your mind."

(continued on page 66)

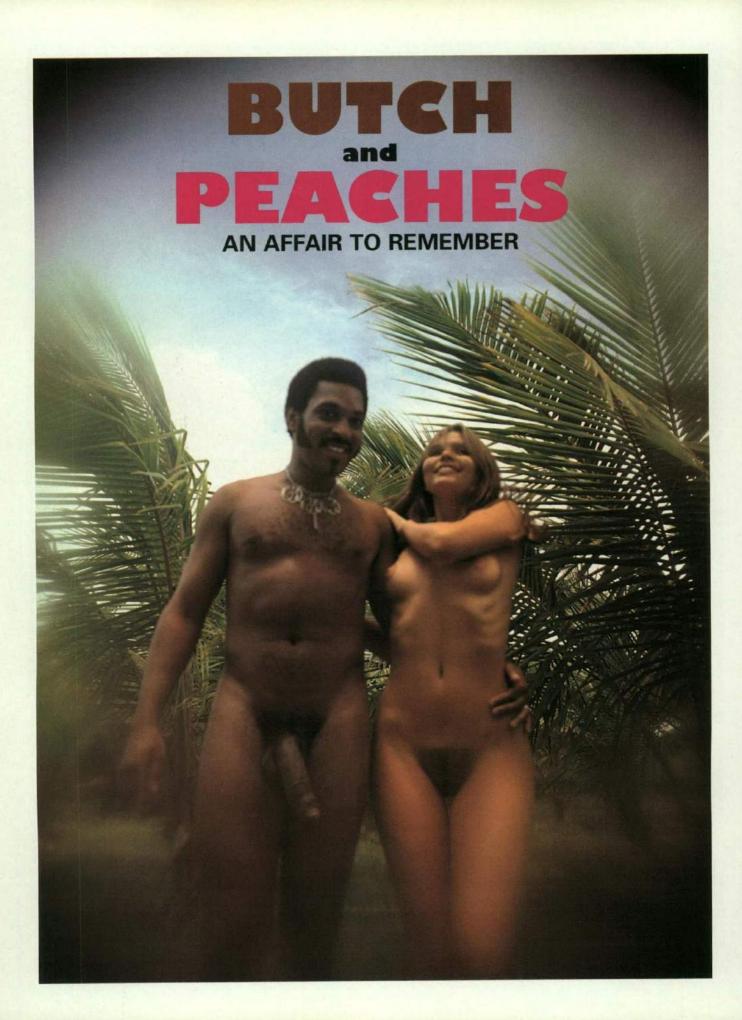






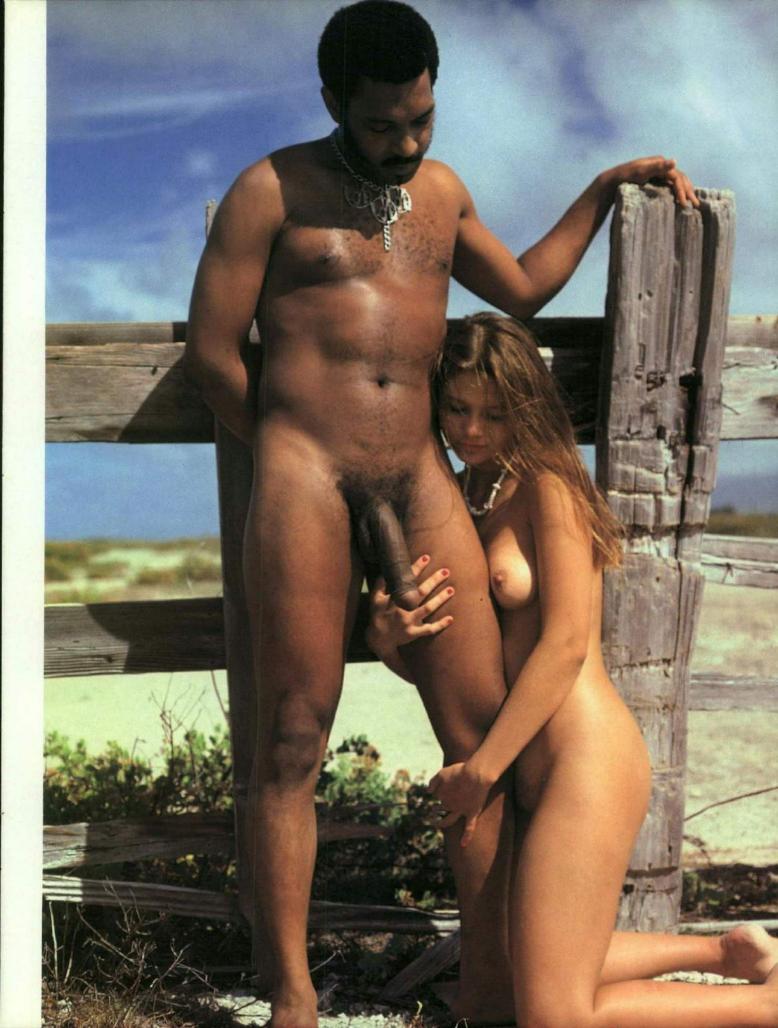


"Look, Herb-what kind of sick puppy would be turned on by that?!"





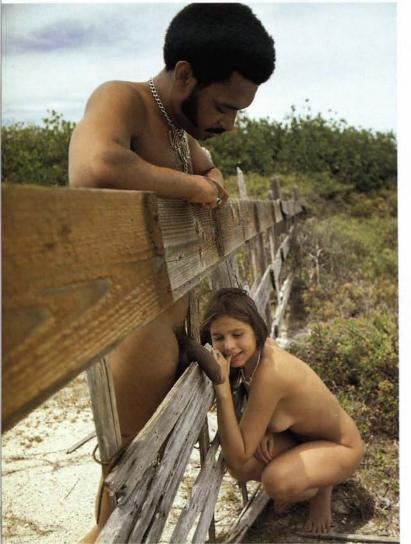










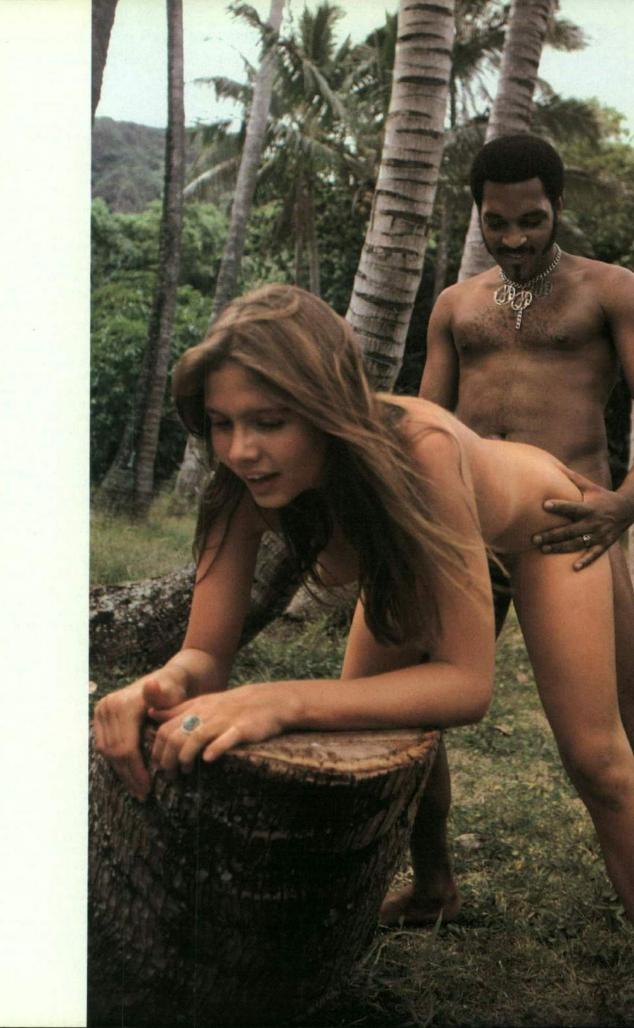


hen HUSTLER readers first saw pale, tiny Peaches clinging to dark, brawny Butch's 14-inch pole (*Butch: A Black Stud and His Georgia Peach*, December '75), they felt shock, awe, admiration—and concern. But they needn't have worried. As Peaches pointed out, "A cunt will stretch a mile before it will tear an inch."

Nearly 20 years have gone by, and the letters of praise and nays over Butch and his Georgia Peach are still pouring in. HUSTLER readers have spoken! In honor of the 21st anniversary of America's Magazine, here once again is our most talked-about pictorial ever: the touching tale of a young Southern belle whose love is color-blind, but carries a tape measure.







(continued from page 54)

Coming of Age Jack Off, or Go Blind? Lulu, the 300-pound centerfold (a

blonde) versus the 2½-foot, stinking toilet snake that won the Bits & Pieces "Flash Before You Flush" contest.

The HUSTLER Creed: "We don't want readers with good taste. We want readers who taste good."

Bleak Prospects: From a guide to picking up girls: "Her look seemed to say, 'I wouldn't piss in your mouth if your teeth were on fire.""

Least Missed HUSTLER Tradition: "One for the Ladies," a nude male in Beaver Hunt.

JULY '78 to JUNE '79: Year Five

Our first Born Again Issue featured ten pages of paintings depicting the sexy parts of the Bible. It was our last Born Again Issue. We were porn again.

Breach of National Insecurity: President Carter's sister was touted as showing pink in August '78. She did not. Dirtiest Pictures We Ever Printed: Living color close-ups of Larry Flynt's bullet wounds.

Our Mania: Assassination, with indepth speculation into the murders of John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X.

Most Inspired Analism: Threeway tie: a guy with his own dick up his ass, the Fear of Farting article and Larry's "We Give a Shit" Publisher's Statement.

JULY '79 to JUNE '80: Year Six

Larry followed his year in Christ with an interview of Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair and a profile of Satanist Anton LaVey, as well as a layout of a wicked chick who could tie her twat in a knot.

Our Fact Checker Was on Vacation: From a Sex Play on rimming: "Not every woman is going to beg her lover to lick her asshole."

Everybody Needs It: Supping milk straight from a broad's tit "has at last come out of the closet and is being recognized more and more as a harmless and wholesome erotic practice."

First, Try and Find One: Then read How to Really Break a Cherry.

JULY '80 to JUNE '81: Year Seven Country-singer profiles, our Special Political Issue and special-effects girlsets, all held together by the glue of Chester and Hester's booger jokes.

False Warning: April's Sex Play, "Celibacy: Is America Giving Up Sex?" True Warning: March's President George Bush: Sooner Than We Think?

If Your Dick Turns Into a Pussy: "How to Achieve Vaginal Orgasms."

Greatest Loss of the Year: HUSTLER reporter John Sullivan perishes in El Salvador.

JULY '81 to JUNE '82: Year Eight

The April '82 Publisher's Statement announced that Larry, suffering intense pain from the bullets carried in his spine, had turned HUSTLER over to his wife, Althea. Althea showed more balls than any competing men's mag.

Why HUSTLER Pussies Are Clean and Well Lighted: We published and read How Vaginal Infections Affect Men. Something to Make Us All Feel Normal: Sex-freak photos of weird pricks and varicose veins of the vulva.

Most Disappointing Prediction: A coverline proclaimed "America's Fastest Growing Crime—Women Raping Men."

JULY '82 to JUNE '83: Year Nine Volume Nine started with a Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold and Althea blasting Rolling Stone and National Lampoon in an "I Hate Hypocrites" Publisher's Statement. Visual delights included Honeysuckle Divine shooting an egg out of her cunt, and Kitty, whose clit popped out like a greasy marble. Larry was back at the helm by January '83, promising great things for the future.

First Mention of a Fresh Plague: "The Deadly New Sex Epidemic," a Sex Play on AIDS in June '83.

We Never Said the Middle Tit Was Real: And yet those "unretouched" photos of a three-breasted centerfold fool some of the people some of the time.

Jack Off, or Go Blind? Lulu, the 300pound centerfold (a blonde) versus the 2½-foot, stinking toilet snake that won the Bits & Pieces "Flash Before You Flush" contest.

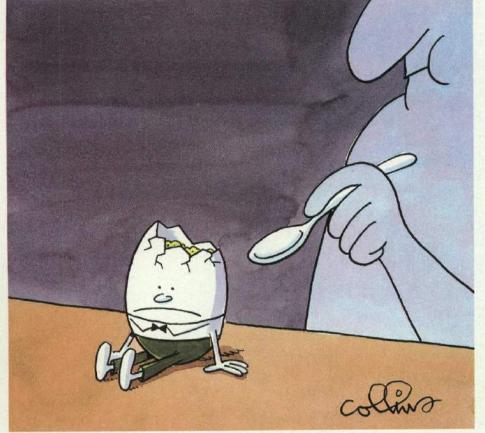
JULY '83 to JUNE '84: Year Ten

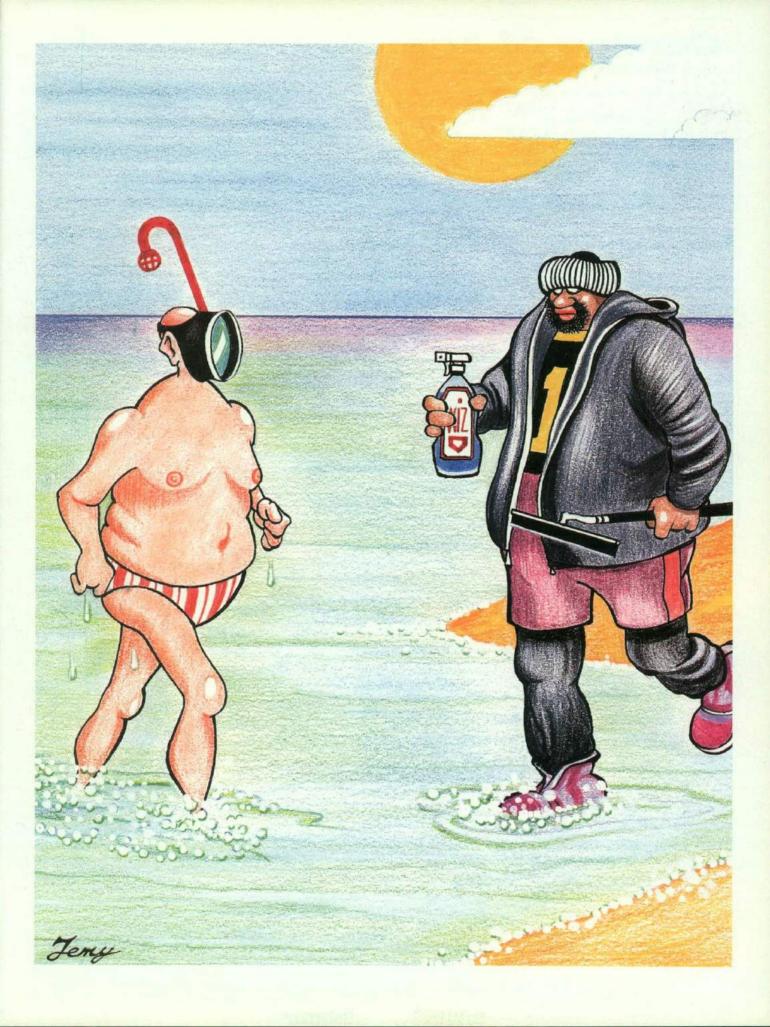
The most manic period in HUSTLER history. We skewered Jerry Falwell, we showed Pat Boone with his dick in a box, Prince Albert and Brooke Shields appeared nude, we published the confessions of men who dressed like women and others who wore big diapers, we ran celebrity photo-fantasies from Dennis Hopper and Frank Zappa, and Larry Flynt announced his candidacy for President of the United States. The American government reacted by tossing our publisher into a federal facility.

Pussies Say the Darnedest Things: In an exclusive interview with Gloria Steinem's clit: "Men hate me. If she'd wash this tuna boat once in a while, we'd have a chance. But not Gloria."

Dubious Trends: Pornpourri, a videoreview section, heralded the ascendancy of X-rated tape over adult film; an article on phone sex explored a novelty that would become the backbone of our advertising dollars.

Prelude to a Death Threat: Tim O'Hara of the North American Man-Boy Love Association: "Our goal is to change the sex laws to legalize the anal and





Coming of Age Ice-smooth XXX princess Annette Haven's memory of a

famous Hollywood producer: "He's got his tongue stuck up my ass, and he's asking me to shit on him."

vaginal penetration of children after age four..."

JULY '84 to JUNE '85: Year 11

HUSTLER Magazine remained a vital document for freedom and fun. Photosets improved by eliminating elaborate fluffery; in its place writhed sweating, gaping, gnashing sexuality.

Ron Jeremy's Final Coherent Thought: "I really love the natural taste and smell of a woman's pussy."

From Our Picnic-Planning Primer: "In a typical month, fire ants will kill hundreds of animals—and at least several dozen humans."

Double-Digit Inflation: Surgically pumped breasts infiltrate the pages of HUSTLER.

JULY '85 to JUNE '86: Year 12

A very good year for raunch. Smut traitor Traci Lords showed and told all. Actually, Traci didn't tell everything, such as her real age, or we wouldn't have shown so much of her.

Fine Minds Draw Fine Lines: XXX legend Ginger Lynn equivocates: "What I do is nowhere near prostitution. They're two totally separate things.... I'm an erotic actress."

Curiosity Caused the Fag: From an interview with a bisexual: "Cocks are just fascinating things, and I wanted to

know what they were like up close."

Obsessions of a Teenage Lesbian: Susie Bright, real live dyke: "After my first terrific orgasm, I knew I was never going to confession again."

JULY '86 to JUNE '87: Year 13

Unlike former Pennsylvania State Treasurer R. Budd Dwyer (shown blowing the top of his head off in May '87), HUSTLER hit its teens very much alive, with tips on how to avoid soliciting a policewoman, a cathouse-etiquette guide and directions for dialing an escort service.

Preaching to the Converted: Futurist flake Timothy Leary: "The right wingers want to turn America into a police state like Iran, with women in chastity belts."

Best Way to Fall in Love With Your Own Voice: The resonating cavity that is blue-screen crumpet Blondi B.'s echochamber asshole.

JULY '87 to JUNE '88: Year 14

In loving memory, the October '87 edition marked Althea Flynt's passing.

Good News for Regular Guys: Barbara Dare reveals: "I don't think a woman could satisfy me totally now. I need a man. I need his cock."

Why We Know God Is on Our Side: According to Junkmail From God: "Jerry Falwell told me he 'prayed God would lead [me] to send a gift of \$10, \$25 or even \$30,' God didn't."

A Pause That Refreshed Us: In a walking tour of New York fetish clubs: "A wan strumpet rides him like a horse, pissing all down the back of his head as she dismounts."

JULY '88 to JUNE '89: Year 15

Larry Flynt invited the world to "Fuck You If You Can't Take a Joke," in celebration of our vindication at the Supreme Court over Jerry Falwell, whom we had made fun of. Those who can take a joke, fuck you too, but in a friendly way.

Denial of the Decade: "I'm dying of colon cancer, not AIDS," bellowed smut's biggest dick, John C. Holmes, as

he lay dying of AIDS.

How Amateur X-Rated Video Got So Big, So Fast: A November '88 article on non-pro porn reported: "There's a doggy-style fisting. Sometimes this looks like stuffing a turkey; usually it looks like exactly what it is."

JULY '89 to JUNE '90: Year 16

Fifteen years of controversy, sizzling sex and success deserved a look back, and we took it. The indomitable Larry distilled the essence of his philosophy: "Dammit, have balls. Don't be a nerd. Stand up for what's right—not what you think is right, but what really is right."

Best Reason to Touch That Dial: Our subliminal television manipulation article pointed out that no one has ever been brainwashed and realized or believed that he had been brainwashed.

Fascinating Dialogue: Ice-smooth XXX princess Annette Haven's memory of a famous Hollywood producer: "He's got his tongue stuck up my ass, and he's asking me to shit on him."

Do Not Show an Impressionable Girlfriend: Photographic documentation of a female-to-male sex change.

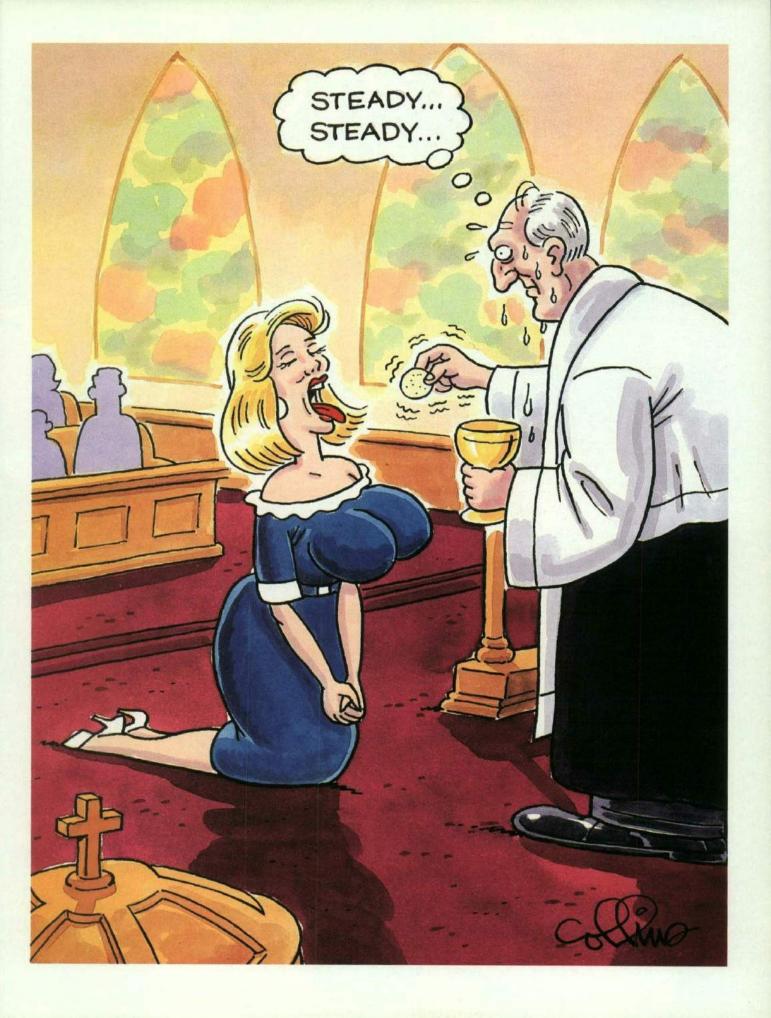
It's Your Thing, or Is It? "Some people get into enemas. Some people get into throwing up. Your imagination is your limit."

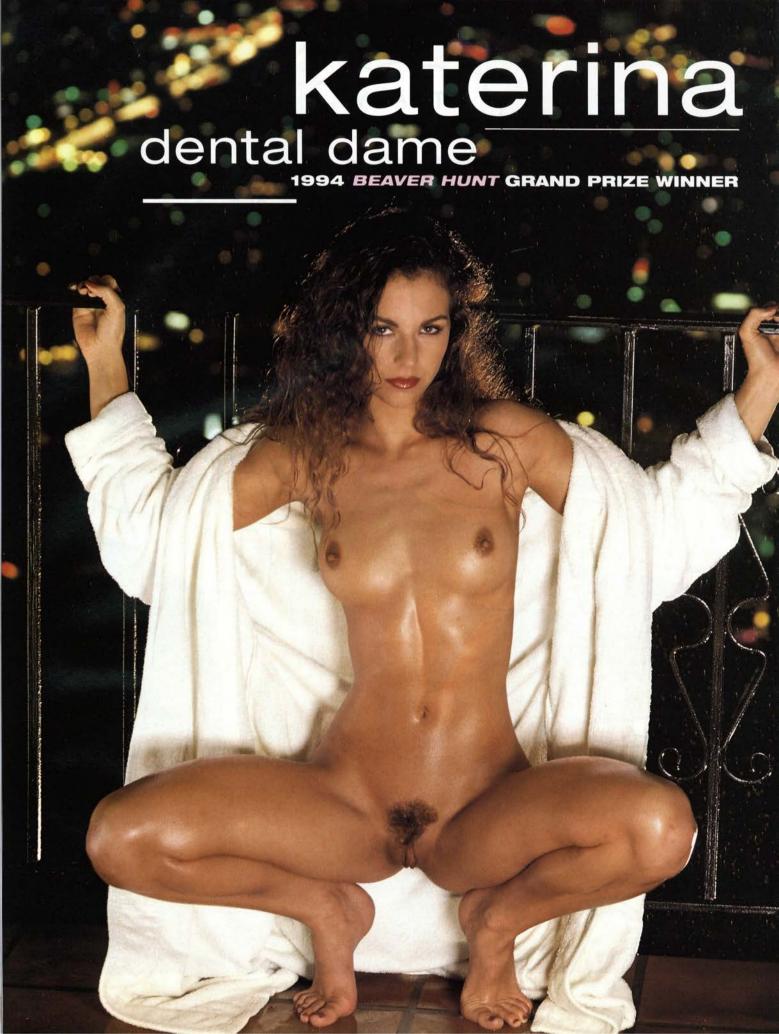
JULY '90 to JUNE '91: Year 17

HUSTLER's working-girl correspondent was there as the Berlin Wall came down, and she went right down with it. Her account of selling sex in the recently liberated Communist zone was participatory journalism at its more vivifying. We also brought to life the horrors of existence in a nursing home, the fervent faith of West Virginia's Fundamentalist snake handlers and letters from lonely troops hunkered down for Desert Storm.

The Voice of an Afficionado: Splooge (continued on page 78)









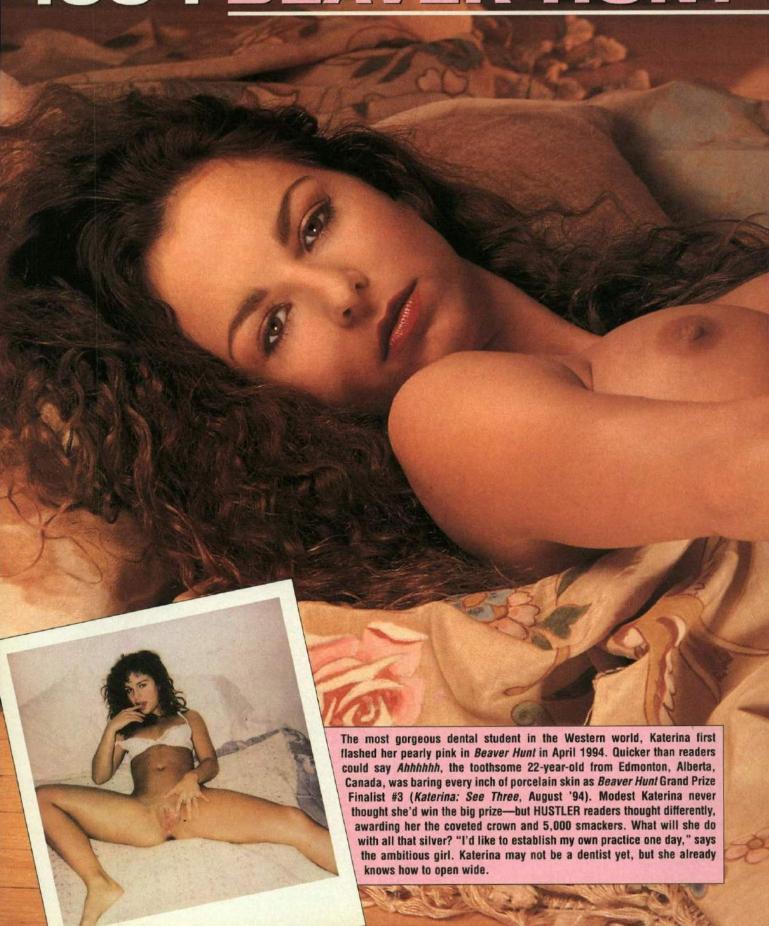








1994 BEAVER HUNT





(continued from page 68)

Coming of Age "The HUSTLER Kennel Club" visually answered the question,

Would women still be sexy if dogs' heads were superimposed upon their bodies?

director Greg Dark spouts: "I like healthy-looking assholes. I can't remember the girl's name, but it looked like her insides were about to come out her asshole."

Fair Warning: From the lips of a tit-job surgeon: "Her husband had his orgasm and plopped on her. The implants went into her armpits."

The HUSTLER Dictionary Defines: Blow-up doll as, "The only bitch who will ever love a scumbag like he really wants her to love him."

A Grand Opening: "Sissy, the Texas Tunnel," our most talked-about Beaver Hunt entrant ever.

JULY '91 to JUNE '92: Year 18

We had a reporter spend 47 days in the hole of the Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, city jail, just to see what our boys were over there fighting for.

The battle of the sexes continued, and we did our bit with A Handy Guide to Fucking Around Without Getting Caught, "Fucking Nuts: Sex With Crazy Women" and Fall in Love and Keep Your Testicles.

High-Calorie Perversion: Deep-throater Jeanna Fine and chocolate syrup lead to blushworthy sex.

He Says It, But Does He Mean It? An interview with Afro-American Supreme

Court Justice Clarence Thomas's little, white wienie: "Sandra Day O'Connor's got nice tits. But I've got my eye on David Souter. That cracker's cuter than my wife."

Best Nonhuman Reason to Go On Living: Bucky Beaver's return.

JULY '92 to JUNE '93: Year 19

We turned 18 and were legal at last, but we weren't completely grown up. Witness the "Grapes of Wrath Show Us Your Hemorrhoids Contest" and our pictorial of one man's relationship with a blow-up doll. On a serious note, we exposed the war on drugs, arsonists who torch up for sex kicks, foster-home nightmares and America's methadone-treatment programs turning junkies into

Why Record Companies No Longer Send Us Free CDs: Buttboard, our poop-news parody of the music-industry. Cancel That ASPCA Subscription: "The HUSTLER Kennel Club" visually answered the question, Would naked women still be sexy if dogs' heads were superimposed upon their bodies?

The Tall and the Short of It: High tits Varisa puts her clit in the face of midget stunt dick Napoleon in Big Top Pop.

New Hope for Needle Dicks: Dr. James Elist, master of constructive penis surgery, profiled in March '93. JULY '93 to JUNE '94: Year 20

What does a magazine do in those years when it's not a kid anymore, but still hasn't reached adulthood? We threw in a Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold of a girl holding a boa constrictor's head to her snatch, ran a sex change with its twin holes open very wide, interviewed Richard "Night Stalker" Ramirez, shined new light on the Black Muslims, exposed the market of parents who sell their babies and printed one soldier's story of his tour in Somalia.

What the Fuck Is Wrong With Us? For starters, porn tramp Leena, neck in a dog's leash, crouching on her haunches to lick piss off the street.

New Year's Resolutions We Never Intended to Keep: Stop showing girls in canine positions; resist the impulse to crack eggs over a female's ass; desist photographing the girly asshole through a magnifying glass.

What Those Gap Ads Won't Tell You: Hitler wore khakis.

Those Crazy Fucking Rockers: Kembra from the Unspeakable Horror of Karen Black showed her sewn shut pussy, and Al Jourgensen of Ministry rated the raunch books.

JULY '94 to JUNE '95: Year 21

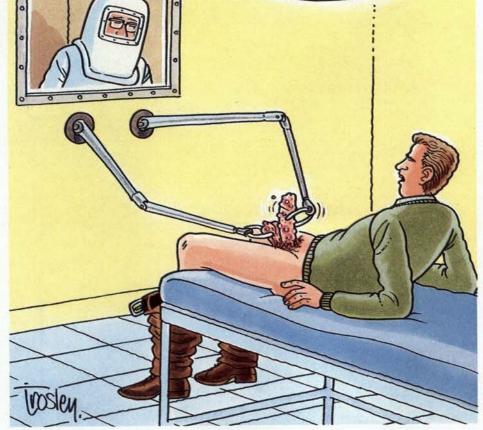
HUSTLER burst into its second decade with a blast. Aside from investigations of the IRA, AIDS among the elderly, and lazy-ass slacker sex, the past 13 issues will be remembered as the Year of the Spurt. Starting when stud-bolt Scott launched a jolt across the chin of cuddle butt Mickey, our boy/girl shoots now come with extra mayo. Readers are advised not to let any get in their eyes, and watch for what the irrepressible and ever-resourceful Larry Flynt comes up with next.

Insensitive Hypersensitivity: After her husband Kurt Cobain exited, we ran a "Why I Should Be Courtney Love's New Dick" contest.

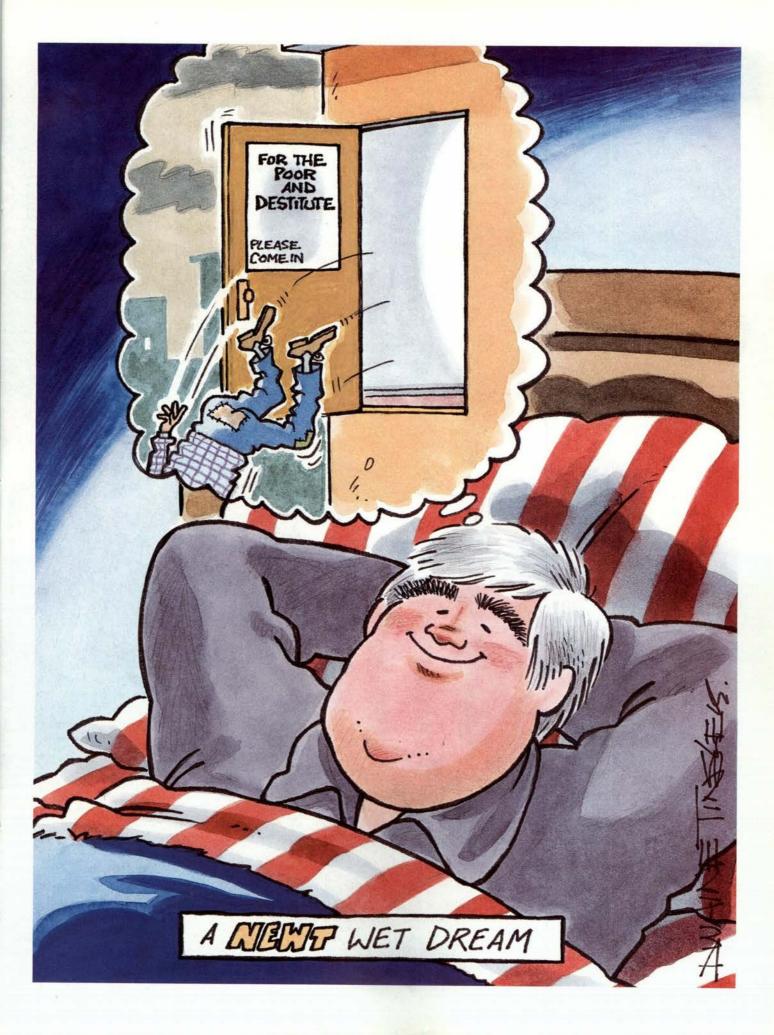
What Killed Jackie O: Once dead, Richard Nixon lived out his darkest sexual fantasies in our pages, at the expense of Jane Fonda and Madame Onassis.

The Swelling Won't Go Down: Because totally pregnant Kelly O'Dell is hands-down sexy, no matter how knocked up she happens to be.

Our Universe Is Limitless: Check into the HUSTLER Real World, a foolproof alternate reality that paralleled the commonly accepted universe in our April '95 edition, for a reminder that HUSTLER is your world, and will be again next month, and beyond, on into another 21 years.



"Do you think it's contagious, Doc?"



UNSAFE SECTS

Connections to Mind-Control Cults

REPORT BY ALEX CONSTANTINE

Did the CIA let

opposition to their

"behavioral research"

in universities and the

military stop them from

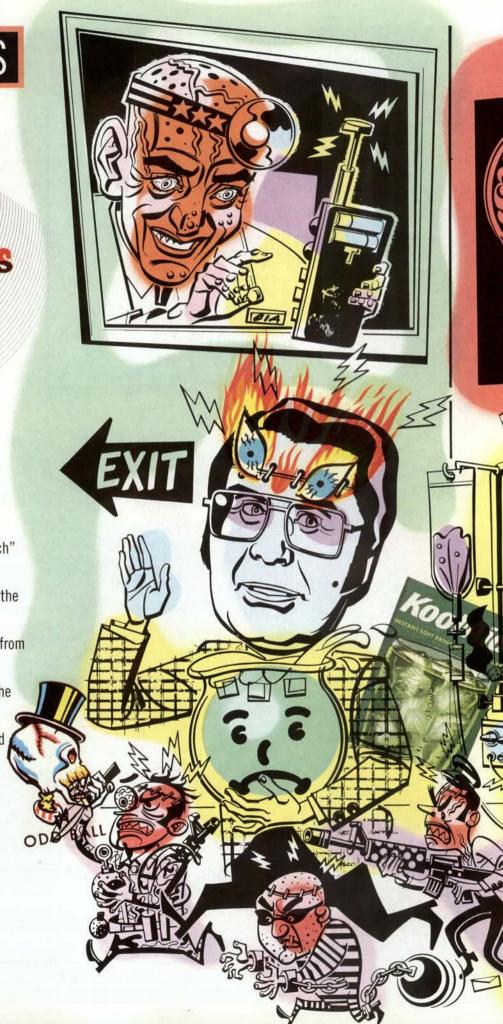
experimenting on the

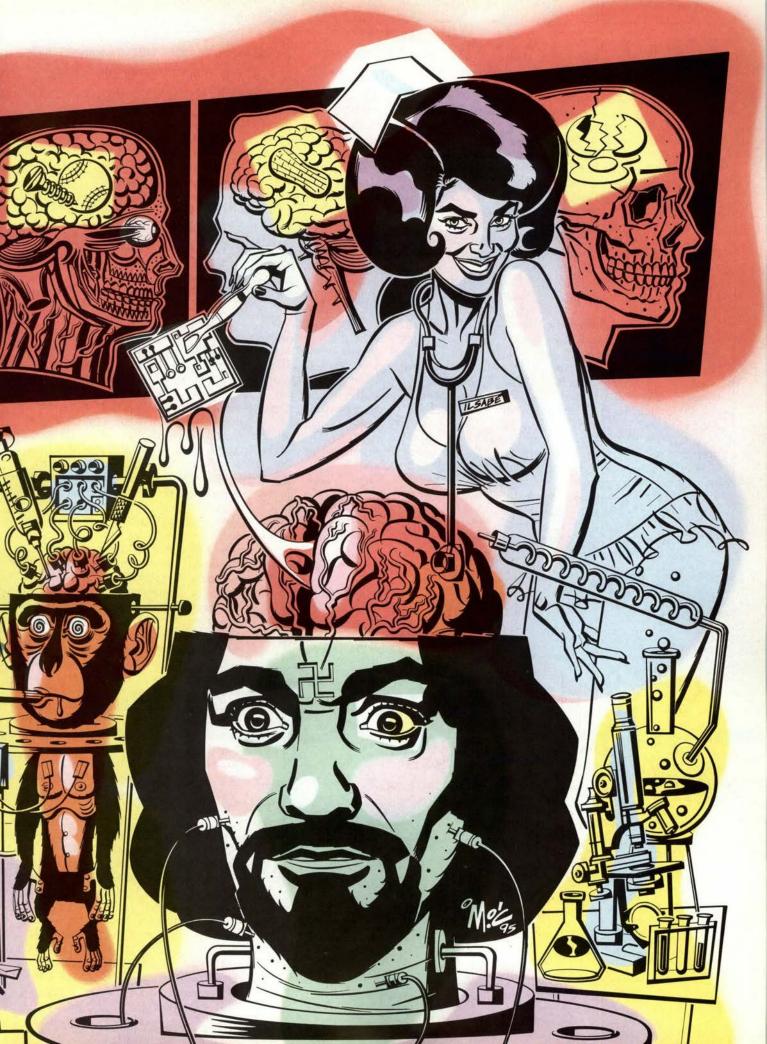
human brain, or did

they simply create

cults to use as

laboratories?





Mind Control The cult's connection to the BCCI fed speculation among Canadian journalists that the followers of Jouret had been killed to bury public disclosures of gun-running and money laundering.

October 1994, Cheiry, Switzerland-Swiss police described the carnage inside the charred farmhouse as a "wax museum" of death. Some of the men found among the 23 bodies wore red, white or black robes. The women were swathed in gold. A rose-bearing, Christlike figure gazed from a painting on the wall at the bodies arranged in a circle on the floor. Within hours, 27 other members of the cult known as the Order of the Solar Temple were found dead at chalets in Granges, Switzerland, and Morin Heights, Quebec. Were these suicide rites reminiscent of the 13th-century Cathars, who preferred death to religious persecution?

Members of the order called themselves "knights of Christ," but according to the London Times, the cult was a "mumbo-jumbo mishmash" of "the symbolism of the medieval Rosicrucian Order, Nazi occultism and New Age mysticism...that seemed more designed for extracting money from disciples than saving souls." The Temple's grandmaster. Luc Jouret, born in the Belgian Congo in 1947, set out in youth as a mystic with communist leanings. but his politics apparently swung full circle. He was linked to a clutch of neo-Nazis responsible for a string of bombings in Canada, and he told friends that he'd once served with a unit of Belgian paratroopers.

A few days after the deaths, Pierre Tourangeau, a French-Canadian journalist who had investigated the sect for two years, reported that it was financed by the proceeds of gun-running to Europe and South America. Simultaneously, Radio Canada announced that the cult earned hundreds of millions of dollars laundering the profits from the gun-running through the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI), which had been closed by authorities worldwide in 1991. The Manhattan district attorney who closed the American branch of the BCCI reported that 16 witnesses had died in the course of the investigation of the bank's entanglements in covert operations of the CIA, arms smuggling, money laundering and child prostitution. The cult's connection to the BCCI fed speculation among Canadian journalists that the followers of Jouret had been killed to bury public disclosures of gun-running and money laundering.

But the fraternizing of America's national security elite and the cults did not begin in Cheiry, Switzerland. Jouret's Order of the Solar Temple was but the latest mind-control operation that investi-

gators believe was organized and overseen by the CIA and military.

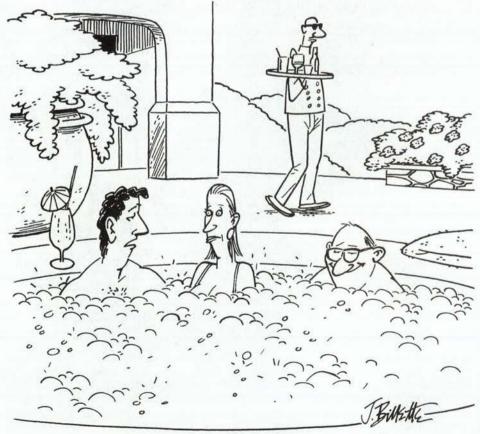
Frightening progress has already been made by brain and behavior researchers in their pursuit of conquest of the mind. Funding for this research is increasingly becoming available from military organizations and governments in the more technologically advanced countries. In the U.S., for example, the end of the war in Vietnam signalled millions of dollars of research and development funds, which are finding their way into mind- and behavior-control experimentation.—Alan Scheflin

Professor of Law University of Santa Clara

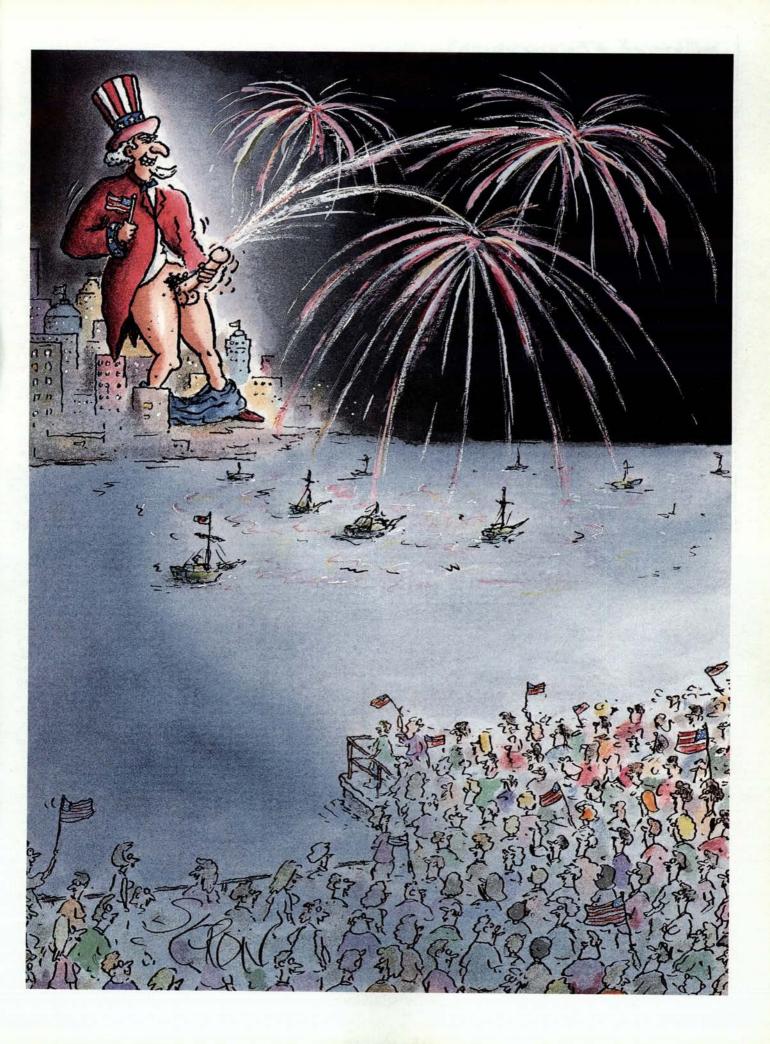
Scientists in the CIA's mind-control fraternity lead secret lives. Many are highly respected. Dr. Martin T. Orne, for instance, a senior CIA/Department of Defense researcher, is based at the University of Pennsylvania's Experimental Psychiatry Laboratory. He is also on the advisory board of the False Memory Syndrome Foundation (FMSF), a Philadelphia-based organization comprising people who claim to have been falsely accused of incest and cult child abuse. Members of the FMSF maintain that their alleged victims have had "memories" of abuse implanted in their brains and then "recovered" by overzealous, irresponsible therapists. The FMSF board is almost exclusively composed of former CIA and military doctors currently employed by major universities. None have backgrounds in ritual abuse; their common interest is behavior modification.

Dismissing cult abuse as hysteria or false memory is a common defense strategy. In a percentage of cult abuse cases, it's possible that children have been led to believe that they had been victimized. However, the CIA and its covert organizations have a vested interest in blowing smoke at the cult underground, because the vectors of CIA mind control have merged with many cults and become inextricably tangled.

According to John Marks, an authority on mind control and author of *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate*, Orne's work in hypno-programming was financed in the 1960s by the Human Ecology Fund (HEF), a CIA cover at Cornell University. The HEF was the underwriter of many of the formative mind-control experiments conducted in the United States and abroad, including the brainwashing and remote mind-control experiments of Dr. Ewen Cameron at



"Honest, honey—I don't have my finger in your pussy."



Mind Control In 1980, Joseph Holsinger, an aide to U.S. Congressman Leo

Ryan, exposed the formation of eccentric religious cults by the CIA.

Montreal's Allan Memorial Institute. Research specialties of the CIA's psychiatrists included electroshock lobotomies, drugging agents, hypnosis, sleep deprivation and radio control of the brain, among hundreds of sub-projects.

The funding for Dr. Orne's work in hypnotic suggestion and dissolution of memory was uncovered when John Marks filed a Freedom of Information request for access to the files of the CIA's Office of Research and Development (ORD). He obtained 130 boxes of files, including a CIA report itemizing a \$30,000 grant to Dr. Orne from Human Ecology, and an additional \$30,000 from Boston's Scientific Engineering Institute (SEI)—another CIA funding cover.

While Orne denies his role as a CIA psychiatrist, researcher Marks claims that Dr. Orne privately admitted that he was aware of the true source of funding of one mind-wrecking project, and once boasted to Marks that he was routinely briefed on all significant CIA behavior-modification experiments.

In 1980, Joseph Holsinger, an aide to U.S. Congressman Leo Ryan, exposed the formation of eccentric religious cults by the CIA. Congressman Ryan had been murdered by a death squad at

Jonestown, the Guyana base of the cult known as the People's Temple, and the site of the mass suicide of the sect in 1978. At a psychologists colloquium on "Psychosocial Implications of the Jonestown Phenomenon," Holsinger maintained that a CIA rear-support base had been in collusion with People's Temple leader Jim Jones to perform medical and mind-control experiments on the cult's members. He cited "The Penal Colony," an essay written by a Berkeley psychologist, in which the author maintained that, rather than terminating their mind-control regimen, code named MKULTRA, the CIA had shifted its programs from public institutions to private cult groups, including the People's Temple.

Jonestown had its gray eminence in Dr. Lawrence Laird Layton of the University of California at Berkeley, formerly a chemist for the Manhattan Project and head of the Army's chemical warfare-research division in the early 1950s. Michael Meiers, author of Was Jonestown a CIA Medical Experiment?, scavenged for information on the People's Temple for six years, concluding: "The Jonestown experiment was conceived by Dr. Layton, staffed by Dr. Layton and financed by Dr. Layton. It

was as much his project as it was Jim Jones's. Though it was essential for him to remain in the background for security reasons, Dr. Layton maintained contact with and even control of the experiment through his wife and children." The African-American cult had at its core a Caucasian inner council, composed of Dr. Layton's family and in-laws.

The press ignored the possible CIA connections to the People's Temple, but survivors of the carnage in Guyana followed the leads and concluded that Jim Jones had been "an employee, servant, agent or operative of the Central Intelligence Agency" from 1963—commonly cited as the year the CIA turned to cults to conceal MKULTRA mind-control activities-until 1978. In October 1981, the survivors of Jonestown filed a \$63-million lawsuit against Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Stansfield Turner, former director of the CIA, now a teacher at the University of Maryland. The suit, filed in U.S. District Court in San Francisco, accused Turner of conspiracy with CIA operatives to "enhance the economic and political powers of James Warren Jones," and of conducting "mind-control and drug experimentation" on the Temple flock.

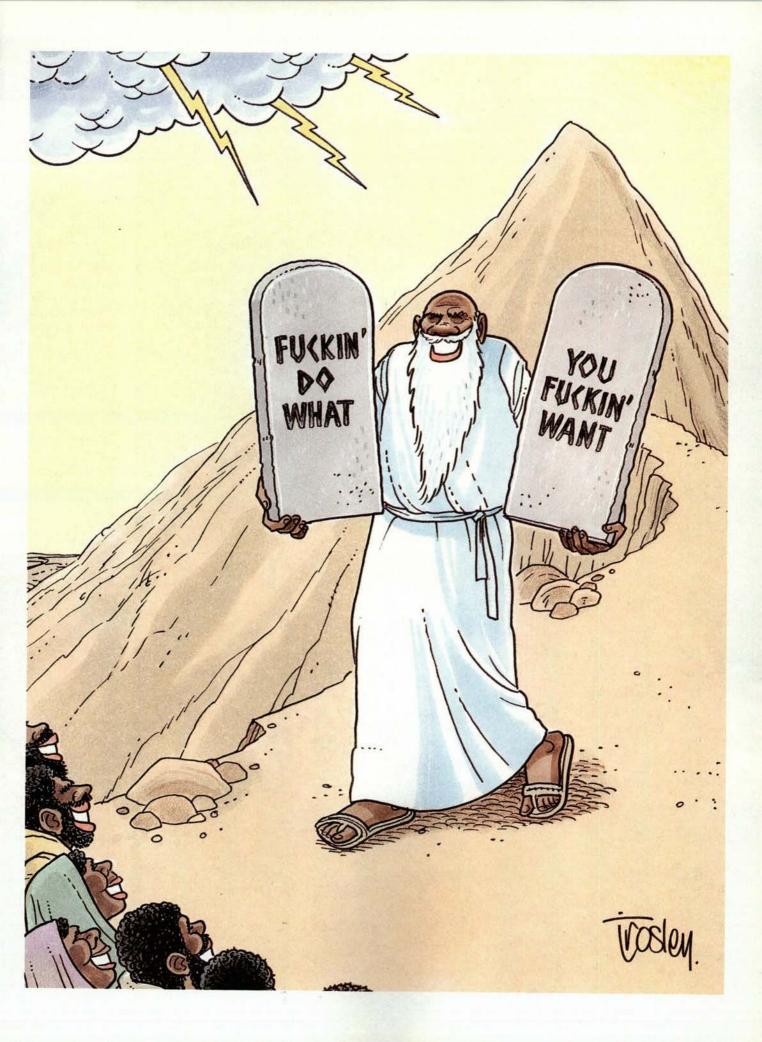
The suit was dismissed four months later for "failure to prosecute timely." All requests for an appeal were denied.

The Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA), a San Francisco collective whose members were convicted in the 1973 slaying of Oakland school superintendent Marcus Foster, has been referred to alternately as a grassroots political organization and a radical terrorist group. Like Jonestown, the SLA has also been seen as a mind-control creation operated by the CIA. The late political researcher Mae Brussell, whose study of the CIA began in 1963 after the assassination of John Kennedy, wrote in 1974 that the SLA "consisted predominantly of CIA agents and police informers." The guerrilla band was, Brussell maintained, "an extension of psychological experimentation projects, connected to Stanford Research Institute, Menlo Park."

The SLA leadership, according to Brussell, was trained by Colston Westbrook, a Pennsylvania native. Westbrook was a veteran of the CIA's PHOENIX Program in South Vietnam, reported Brussell. His job was the indoctrination of assassination and terrorist cadres. From 1966 to 1969, Westbrook listed his occupation as administrator at Pacific Architects and Engineers—a CIA proprietary, according to Brussell. One of Westbrook's foot sol-



"Well, I suppose this means a blowjob is out of the question?"







Paulina



Photography by Clive McLean



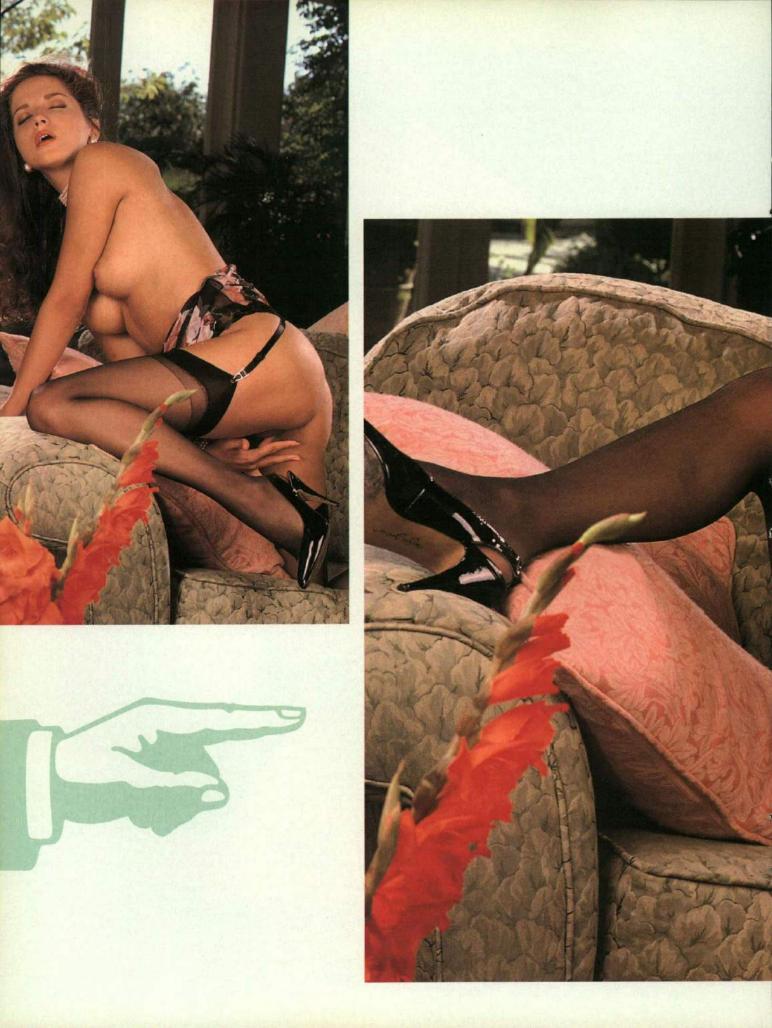
"American girls puzzle me," frowns charming
Czech Paulina, pleasingly disconcerted on her first
summer holiday stateside. "They are offended
when a man flatters them on the street,
particularly if the fellow grabs his genitals
for emphasis. To me, a hard cock is the
highest compliment a man
can give a woman!"

Perhaps—but a woman might want to be appreciated for her mind too.

Paulina shrugs. "Men always appreciate what I have in mind."

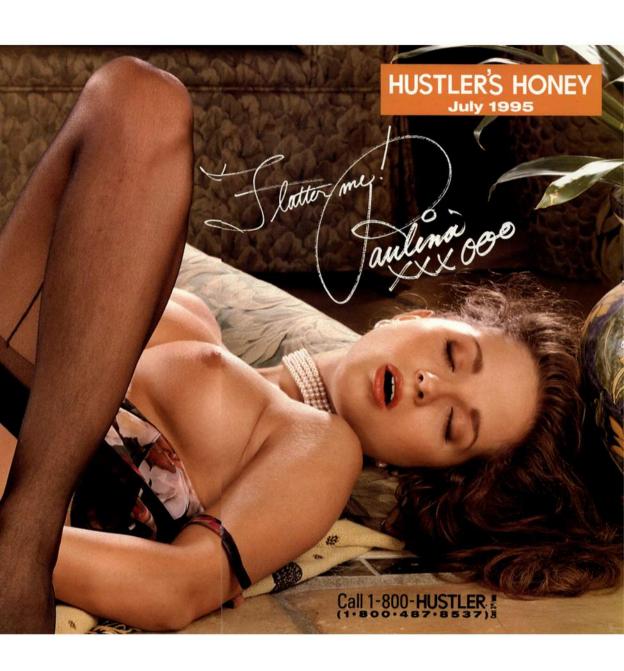
















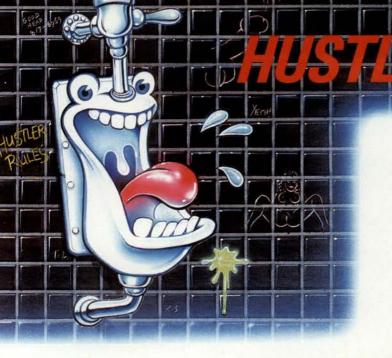
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After all that work I did on your kitchen sink," Buford the plumber glared at his comely housewife customer, "the most you can tip me is a dollar?"

"I'm sorry, sugar," the sexpot replied, "but that's all the money I've got in the house." Purring seductively, she added: "Perhaps we can work out some other form of payment."

Buford caught on quickly and dropped his coveralls. The housewife went limp with glee over the size of Buford's tool. Then, to her horror, the plumber reached into his box of supplies and methodically encased his meat's bottom half in pipe fittings.

"What are you doing?" the horny woman shrieked.

"Lady," Buford chided, "you can't possibly think that you'd get all that for a dollar!"

Question: What did the little black boy call out as he slid down the zebra's back?

Answer: "Now you see me; now you don't! Now you see me; now you don't!"

A violent winter storm stranded a team of climbers in a mountain cave.

Unable to signal for assistance and faced with the prospect of starving to death, the team's leader bravely announced: "My fellow mountaineers, I will now sacrifice myself so that you may survive."

As the leader pressed a revolver to his temple, one of the climbers frantically cried, "Ben, don't do it!"

"I appreciate your concern," Ben emoted, "but eating my dead body will allow you and the others to live until escape from here is possible."

"I know," the climber said. "It's just that brains are my favorite dish."

Question: Why did God create man first?

Answer: He didn't want to have a woman looking over his shoulder while he worked.

Nick stood poised on the rail of a bridge, ready to jump. A foul-smelling, ancient-looking bag lady happened by and implored Nick not to give up hope.

"You've lost your money, your woman and a lot more," the homeless hag intoned, "but everything's going to be all right."

"How did you know about my troubles?" Nick questioned. "And how do you know that I'll be okay?"

"I am a witch," the bag lady responded, "a good witch! Now, if you come back to my hovel and make love to me, I can remove all your sorrows."

Nick followed his savior to the filthy, bug-ridden cardboard box that she lived in. After eating the crone's stinking snatch, sucking her hairy, shriveled tits and fucking her for hours, Nick inquired: "So when will you start fixing my problems?"

The old skag patted Nick on the head. "I think your main problem," she chuckled, "is that you're a little old to still believe in witches."

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines head waiter as: the next guy in line at a gang-bang.

A dentist approached his associate in terrible distress. "I'm being sued over a root canal," he fretted.

"Too bad," his pal frowned. "Malpractice is a bitch."

"It's not malpractice," the dentist explained. "This one chick came out from under the gas a bit early and, boy, was she pissed to find my root in her canal!"

Question: How does an aging man hold onto his youth?

Answer: He gives her money.

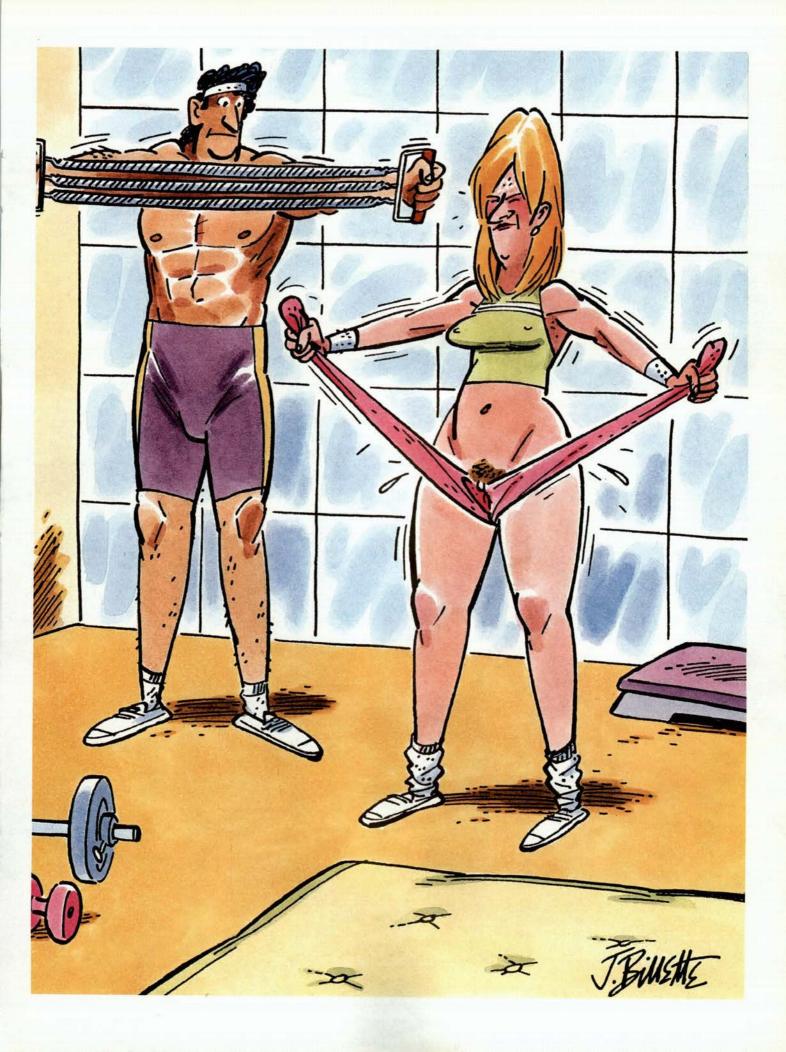
A drunk stumbled into a church and made a beeline for the confessional.

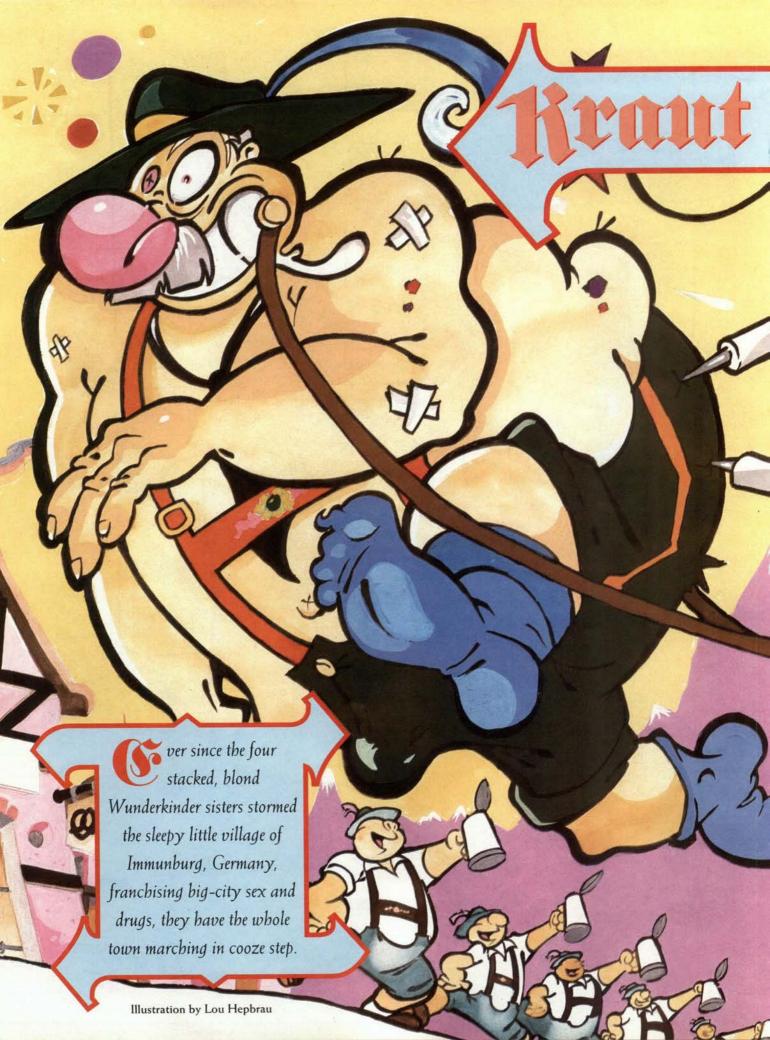
The priest, situated inside, heard the boozer noisily come in, but then heard nothing else for several minutes. Perplexed, the reverend knocked on the wall.

"Forget it, buddy," the drunkard wailed, "there's no toilet paper in this one either!"

Question: Did you hear about the Energizer Hooker? Answer: She keeps 'hoing and 'hoing and 'hoing....

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.







Krauts Every guy in town came to try his luck with the greatest tag-team attraction in the history of Germany. Every guy left with a bone-on the size of Europe. The girls were not to be had—not yet.

The mayor is a fat pig. His town smells like blood, but he sleeps well at night, undisturbed by the sound of the knives and the wailing of the beasts. Refrigerated trucks come and take the carcasses all over Germany, but the mayor stays in Immunburg, as happy as a sausage wrapped in a pancake and smothered in maple syrup. He tumbles out of bed every morning at eight, throws a handful of grease in his hair and drives into town for a heaping plate of bauenfrühstuck (farmer's breakfast, a disgusting mess of eggs, onions, bacon, potatoes and whatever) and a cold morning beer. Normally he lingers over a sweet cigar and the paper before waddling down Hauptstrasse (Main Street) to his office. There's not always a lot to do there. The town seems to take care of itself.

Life in Immunburg, population 5,000, is good. Unemployment is low, and crime is practically unheard of. About a day's travel from Hamburg, Immunburg is quaintly bucolic apart from its slaughterhouse, a hideous, noisy slab of concrete rising out of rolling farmland. The tidy center of town is redolent of pretzels and oom-pah bands.

Immunburg is not the real name of this picture-book village. It was given its nickname by the town's true governing bodies. Immunburg means "the untouchable town."

Micha and Dieta Wunderkinder arrived in Immunburg in 1987 with business degrees from the junior college in their hometown of Braunschweig and a reputation for cocksucking that spread like their taut German twats from Berlin to Bavaria. The 20-year-old twins were identical in every way: both tall and blond, with the kind of tits wars are fought over, and power-dressed in tight, black-leather miniskirts, spike heels and tank tops two sizes too small. The only way to tell the girls apart was by a small scar on Micha's lip, the result of a punch in the face from another campus slut. The town had never seen anything like them. The sisters knew just what the fuck they were doing. They came to take over.

"After the uniwersity, vee knew vee had to leave Braunschweig," Micha explains. The words spill from her lips, moist and breathy. "Vee had burned the bridges."

"Vee had this idea," continues Dieta.

"Vee now know business, and vee know who vee are. Immunburg vas perfect!

There verr 500 men vorking in one place.

Five hundred men who still do not know us. Perfect for us to make the action."

The action was this: Start out in a legit-

imate business. Establish themselves. And wait. They opened Die Eck, a barrestaurant operating only from 3 a.m. to 10 a.m.—an idea they stole from a meat-district eatery in Hamburg. The money came from a local banker they sucked off together in one marathon session.

Horny workers coming off the graveyard shift at the slaughterhouse flocked to Die Eck just to see the twin goddesses. The local bikers became a fixture, offering the girls drugs and rides home on their big chrome horses. It became a scene: leather jackets and tattoos fighting white aprons flecked with cattle blood for bar space. Every guy in town came to try his luck with the greatest tag-team attraction in the history of Germany. Every guy left with a bone-on the size of Europe. The girls were not to be had—not yet.

Before long the mayor became a breakfast regular, ordering hammelfleisch mit rotkohl und zwiebel (slabs of mutton with cabbage and onions soaked in vinegar) and weissbier (a wheat-based beer that takes 15 minutes to pour) and threatening to bring the health department by for a looksee. For his patronage he got his stubby, unclipped schwanz polished with Dieta's tongue. He liked it so much he decided to bring his buddy, the Chief of Police.

"This is exactly vat vee vanted," Dieta exclaims. "You see, *they* verr coming to *us*. They vanted us. This is the good business. Vee vanted to make a deal." The deal they made gave birth to the KatHaus.

The KatHaus is like another planet: a weather-beaten, three-story farmhouse done up as a blue-velvet bordello. The first-floor bar serves wine and hash joints to clients who sometimes wait for more than an hour to be escorted upstairs to the ultra-swank spunk dens and the 12 stunning girls at their service. The twins personally import the ladies from Hamburg's vast red-light district, the Reeperbahn, with variety in mind: prim schoolteacher types, dominatrix bitches, baby-faced blondes in white-lace stockings, bigbreasted aerobic babes stuffed into skintight Lycra. Every fuck fantasy is fulfilled.

The KatHaus is not cheap. There is no competition. But the workers, who used to spend their free time sopping up the Beck's and riffling hard-core magazines, have the dough. Twenty deutsche marks an hour (about \$13) plus overtime is a lot of beer. In its first week, Dieta and Micha's cum depot received 400 deposits.

The sisters keep the *Polizei* in line with their twin-engine attack. On their first Christmas in Immunburg, they sucked off the entire 60-man police force.

(continued on page 110)





















(continued from page 100)

Krauts "Fucking whore slut bitch cunt!" Two hundred pounds of big-titted, hog-faced, pissed-off lesbian was dragging Ingrid off the main drag and onto a side street.

"Vee have to be careful, you know—you cannot give so much for so free. But it is true," Micha adds with a smile, her scarred lip twitching, "vee love to suck cock! And when you are taking, you must give something back. A blowjob is a nice thing to give, I think."

Indeed, freebies and kickbacks help, but the true key to the operation is keeping the money in town. "That vas vat vee learned in the business school," Dieta nods solemnly.

While the sisters were getting the KatHaus ready, they got everything from local suppliers: lumber, furniture, fixtures, curtains. When they began turning tricks, they went through a lot of sheets; so they set up an account at Frau Rosenblum's linen shop. They buy condoms by the hundred from Doktor Kirchbaum. Immunburg's economy booms. Everyone walks around with a big smile on his face and a fat wad of D-marks in his pocket. Even the strudel-eating, Bible-thumping old biddies in town are placated.

On one of Dieta and Micha's regular expeditions to recruit new girls in Hamburg, they ran into Ingrid, a younger sibling.

Ingrid was 18 years old when she left Braunschweig to go to the university in Hamburg. Her sisters Micha and Dieta were just finishing up their two-year degrees at the junior college, and she had to get out of town. Being related to those two had caused her enough grief, and she had no intention of carrying on the cocksucking torch.

Ingrid planned to study engineering. She wanted to build bridges, not burn them. She was a sweet girl, with pale skin, jet-black hair and blue eyes.

One night she was walking home from class, alone, as usual. It was cold out, and her lipstick was hard. She checked her reflection in a car window. She looked good. Now if only the goddamned light would change so she could cross the fucking street and get the hell off the Reeperbahn. There was always some guy who thought she was working and propositioned her.

The first blow wasn't hard enough to knock her down. Ingrid spun around, and this time she caught it in the face: a hard, plastic dildo right across the mouth. Wham! It drew blood. Then the assailant cuffed her on the side of the head, and Ingrid's knees went out.

"Fucking whore slut bitch cunt!" Two hundred pounds of big-titted, hog-faced, pissed-off lesbian was dragging Ingrid off the main drag and onto a side street. "You sell your cunt? You want to be fucked? I will fuck you." She pulled out a shiny blade and pressed it between Ingrid's tits. Somehow she managed to get Ingrid's pants down, and then her own.

She gave Ingrid a boot in the head. Ingrid's brain was turning soupy. The beast put the knife away and shoved the dildo hard between Ingrid's legs. Ingrid closed her eyes. She was too weak to fight back. Her head was bleeding. This wasn't happening. She opened her eyes and saw the monster fingering her own twat as she rammed the dildo in and out of Ingrid's swollen cunt. Ingrid passed out.

There is no way to predict how people will react to trauma. Ingrid dropped out of the university and became a prostitute. It wasn't long before she was working in one of Hamburg's top bordellos, fulfilling young-girl fantasies. That's where Micha and Dieta found her.

"Vee could not believe it that our sister was a prostitute!" cries Micha. "So vee say to her 'You come vith us and vee give you in charge of the KatHaus—vee make it a family business.' It vas perfect." Micha really does have old-fashioned family values. "Vee give the KatHaus to charge of Ingrid so vee can spend time vith Die Eck. Soon after, our other sister, Maret, calls from Berlin and says vee vant a bar and drugs. Now vee are four sisters in control."

Like any good drug den, there are no windows and no clocks at the Keiserkeller. The pool table is stained with beer and just a little blood. The walls are grimy, and the place reeks of smoke and stale booze.

Maret Wunderkinder is behind the bar pouring shots of cinnamon schnapps for a handful of bikers. She looks older than her 26 years. She takes a lot of drugs and doesn't sleep much. But she's still a knockout in tight black leather. This week her hair's blond, and even in the gloomy bar light her blue eyes twinkle. Her tits are like U-boats on a mission.

Her boyfriend, Dietmar, hangs out in the back of the bar drinking Jägermeister, smoking hash and selling speed. Tonight there is a concert in Braunschweig, and Dietmar has sent one of his dust-peddling emissaries to collect the band: a punk rock group from Kentucky. Maret likes rock musicians, especially Americans.

"Yeah, vell," she confesses, "I like circumcised men. Dietmar doesn't mind so much, I think. If I am fucking one of the guys, then Dietmar is telling one of his stories and giving them his drugs. He is such a show off!"

In, II.

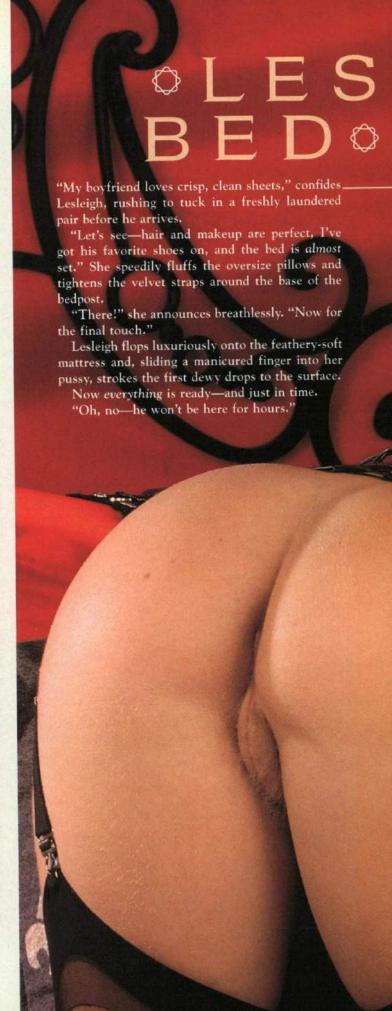
"You're spoiling that dog-let him lick his own balls."

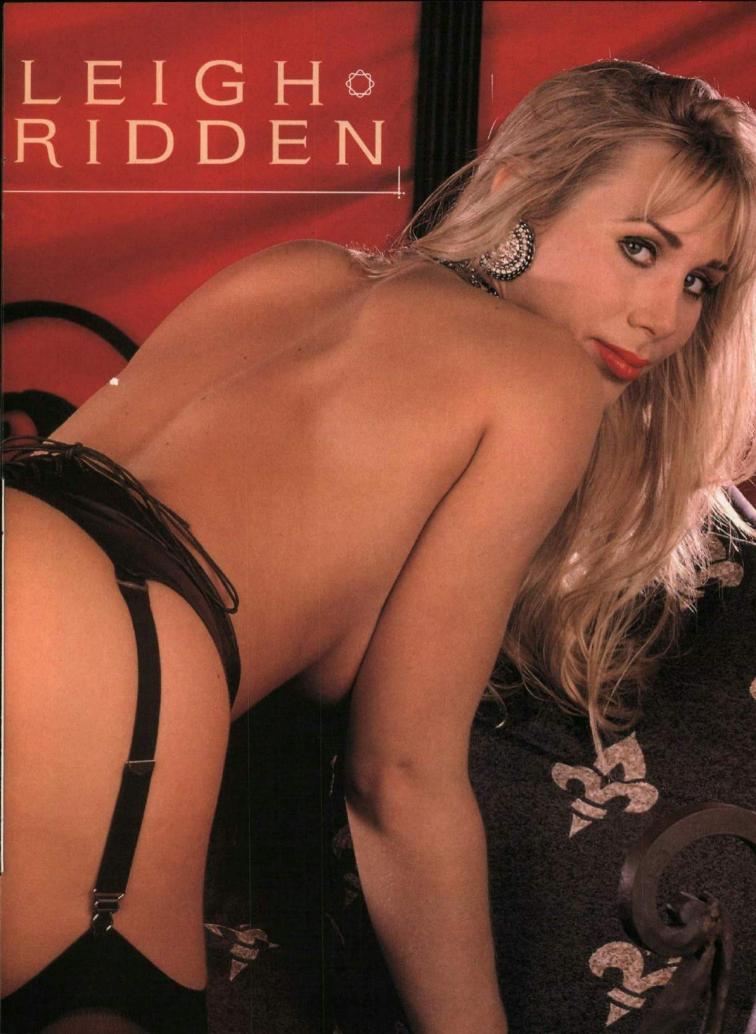
(continued on page 118)



"And I'll bet you didn't call the exterminator today, either..."

Photography by Clive McLean













(continued from page 110)

Krauts "I'm gonna put some cocaine right on the tip of your hard dick and make it so you can fuck me all night. C'mon, puppy. You're gonna lo-ove this trick."

The band finally shows up at 4 a.m. No one at the Keiserkeller is tired. Ingrid has just arrived with a couple of her girls.

Maret throws a case of Beck's on the bar. The Singer grabs one and opens it up with his teeth. Maret does the same. "Don't worry, shnookie," she tells him with a knowing smile, "later I will not use my teeth."

The Singer stays put. He finds Maret charming. The Guitar Player bellies up next to one of Ingrid's girlfriends, a steamy brunette in hotpants and kneehigh vinyl boots. Mr. Guitar Player doesn't speak German, but English seems to work in most of Deutschland.

"Hey, man, you smoke? We just came from Amsterdam. Got some of that *kind* bud. Nederlander Green or some shit." This earns a smile. Maybe she understands. "Hey, man, you know what they call a Big Mac in Amsterdam?"

Another smile, and the words come out twangin' like Tammy Wynette. "I been to Amsterdam, honey. And I don't eat in no McDonaldland. But I saw the movie yer referrin' to...."

"Holy shit. You ain't German."

"Hell no. I look German? Shit. I'm from Memphis."

"What ya doin' here?"

"Well-I'm an army brat, ya know? My

daddy was stationed over here and—well, it ain't important now, is it? *Mmmm*." Her voice is going low. "Been a long time I ain't been with a homeboy. You wanna be my puppy? C'mon. I'll teach you a trick."

"A trick?"

"Oh, honey." She's whispering in his ear. His cock is so hard it's about to punch a hole in his 501's. "You've got a lot to learn." She's touching his cock now, stroking it. The poor boy is shaking. "I'm gonna take you back there to the little room we got, and I'm gonna take your pants off so you're more comfortable-like, and then you know what I'm gonna do?"

Mr. Guitar Player is muttering. He does not know exactly, but he does have some ideas. Just can't find the, *uh*, words.

"You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna put some cocaine right on the tip of your hard dick and make it so you can fuck me all night. C'mon, puppy. You're gonna *lo-ove* this trick."

She takes him by the hand and leads him to the back room, to the amazement of the Singer, who is trying to chat up Ingrid, and the Bass Player and Drummer, who are taking drugs with Dietmar.

"Where they all goin'?" Mr. Singer wants to know. The boys from Kentucky ain't used to things moving this fast.

"She is going to show him how we

fuck here in Immunburg." Maret shoots a glance over at Dietmar. He's busy, probably telling the one about how he and the guitar player from the Scorpions got locked in the stock room of some bar in Amsterdam with two teenage groupies.

"Come here. I show you something like this." Ingrid motions the Singer to come around the bar. That's just what he does.

"Now don't move so much," she warns him. She's unbuttoning his fly. She's got his cock out. "Now you stand still. I don't want my boyfriend to know." She shoots a look over at Dietmar. He's busy telling lies.

The Singer is petrified as she goes down on him. She can't actually be sucking him off in front of her boyfriend—or can she? Apparently, she can. Her tongue is hot on his shaft. He's looking right at Dietmar. Dietmar smiles back. Ingrid continues sucking slowly, taking his Southern manmeat deep into her throat. The Singer, still smiling, keeps his hands on the bar. This is too fucking much. He is 27 years old, and he is going to have a heart attack.

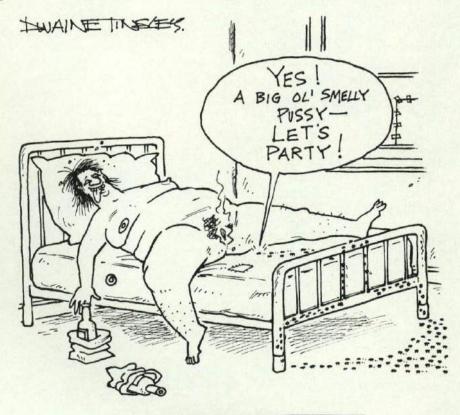
The Singer blows his load just as Dietmar bends over to snort another line of amphetamine. Ingrid licks her lips and comes up, real slow. Dietmar's not looking. She kisses the Singer on the ear. "How come you are not cut?" she asks him. "I thought all Americans were cut. Oh vell. I like it anyway."

"I'm glad."

Forty-five minutes later, Mr. Guitar Player emerges from the back room with his Memphis chickie. He stumbles over to the bar while she takes a seat at Dietmar's table and helps herself to a snootful. Miss Memphis is feeling up the band under the table. Their cocks are throbbing in her hands. The smile never leaves her face as she makes her first pass: "You boys wanna learn a trick?"

The party finally breaks up around 9 a.m., just in time to make it over to Die Eck for a little breakfast with Micha and Dieta—for those who aren't wired like jackrabbits from Dietmar's zoom dust and can still gag back some meat and potatoes.

The four Wunderkinder sisters hold court as a dozen steins of beer and plates of bloody red beef appear. The boys from Kentucky slurp at the beer and gnaw feebly at the meat. At his regular table, the mayor is just digging into his daily greasy platter of bauenfrühstuck. The slaughterhouse workers are slicin' and dicin' around the clock, pushing the proceeds over the bar, up their noses and in the tight, slick poontang on the edge of town. It's a happy little place. Money, sex, drugs, whacking great steaks and the best beer in the world. Immunburg, Germany—almost heaven.



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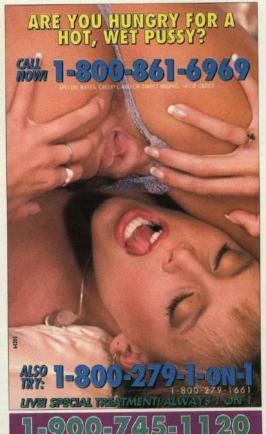








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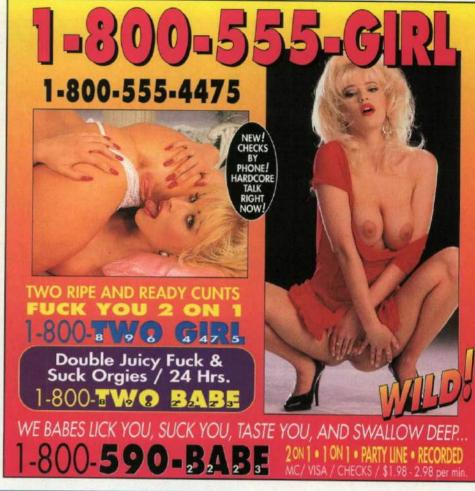


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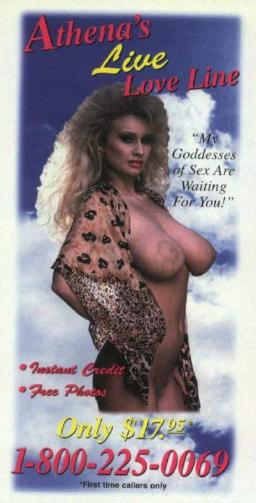
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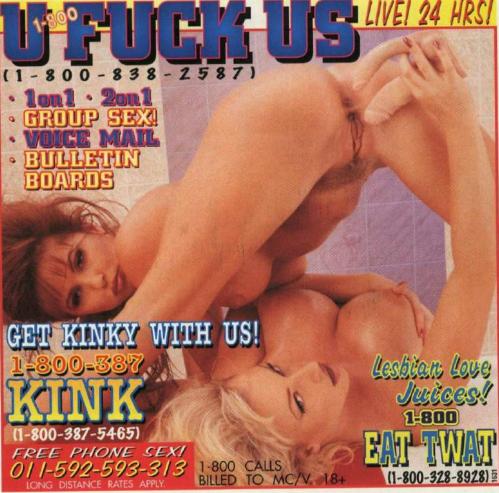






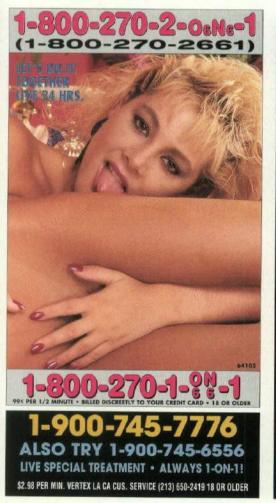




















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#1344

Mind Control

(continued from page 84)

diers, Angela Atwood (a former police intelligence informer), had been a student at the College of Foreign Affairs, a CIA cover at the University of Indiana, reported Brussell.

When newspaper heiress Patricia Hearst, accused of being a member of the SLA, was brought to trial, the prosecution charged that she had participated voluntarily in the SLA's gun-toting crime spree. The prosecution's psychiatrists agreed that Hearst had willingly joined with the SLA, despite the grueling thought-reform regimen she'd endured. She had been isolated and sensory deprived, raped, humiliated and politically indoctrinated with a surrealistic mutation of Third World Marxism. Ms. Hearst was allowed human companionship only when she exhibited signs of submission. But the judgment of the court's psychiatric experts seemingly rendered evidence of CIA collusion extraneous to consideration by the jury.

There is reason to beleive that the CIA and Pentagon have had hidden connections and shadowy ties to a long line of mind-control cults, including the following:

The Riverside Lodge of the Ordo Templis Orientis: Also known as The Solar Lodge of the OTO, this sect, based in Pasadena, California, followed the teachings of cult messiah Aleister Crowley, international chief of the OTO and a British intelligence agent. The high priest of the lodge was Jack Parsons, an explosives expert at the California Institute of Technology who contributed to the design of the Pentagon under CIA director John J. McCloy. Parsons was killed in a still-unexplained laboratory explosion. There is a crater on the moon named after him.

The OTO's Solar Lodge in San Bernardino was presided over by Georgina "Jean" Brayton, the daughter of a ranking Air Force officer in the 1960s. The cult subscribed to a grim apocalyptic view of the world, and like Charles Manson believed that race wars would precipitate the Big Cataclysm.

Candace Reos, a former member of the Lodge, was deposed by Riverside police in 1969. Reos said that Brayton controlled the thinking of all cult members. One member, she said, was ordered to curb his sexual urges

(continued on page 138)



Attention, ladies! The 1995 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1995 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500. and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Love is...mouthwatering Tina from Hicksville, New York. A 19year-old housewife, Tina's only hobby is sucking off her husband. Her fantasy involves "making love to her main man on a tropical beach and swallowing every drop of his sweet, juicy cum." That lucky stiff will be the only man in Hicksville with a limp and a permanent smile.

Photo by Husband

Ann in a forest when he said he thought he'd never see a thing as lovely as a tree. A housewife from Hummelstown, Pennsylvania, who's into arts, crafts and horseback riding, Tracy dreams of making love under a waterfall during a full moon.

Poet Joyce Kilmer had obviously never seen 30-year-old Tracy

Photo by Friend

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Fire stations across Fort Walton Beach, Florida, will experience a sudden uprising of greased poles if Lynn someday becomes a full-fledged firefighter. She's a 22-year-old heat-seeker who lists dancing and "my vibrator" as favorite pastimes. Lynn fantasizes about performing a striptease for a group of firemen. No doubt their extinguishers will be close at hand. Photo by Husband

Lucky is the sand that wedges between the sculpted cheeks of Tammy Lynn, a customer-service representative from Delray Beach, Florida, whose hobbies, quite obviously, include exercising and water sports. Tammy turns 24 years old this month and might consider celebrating by fulfilling a reflective fantasy of having sex

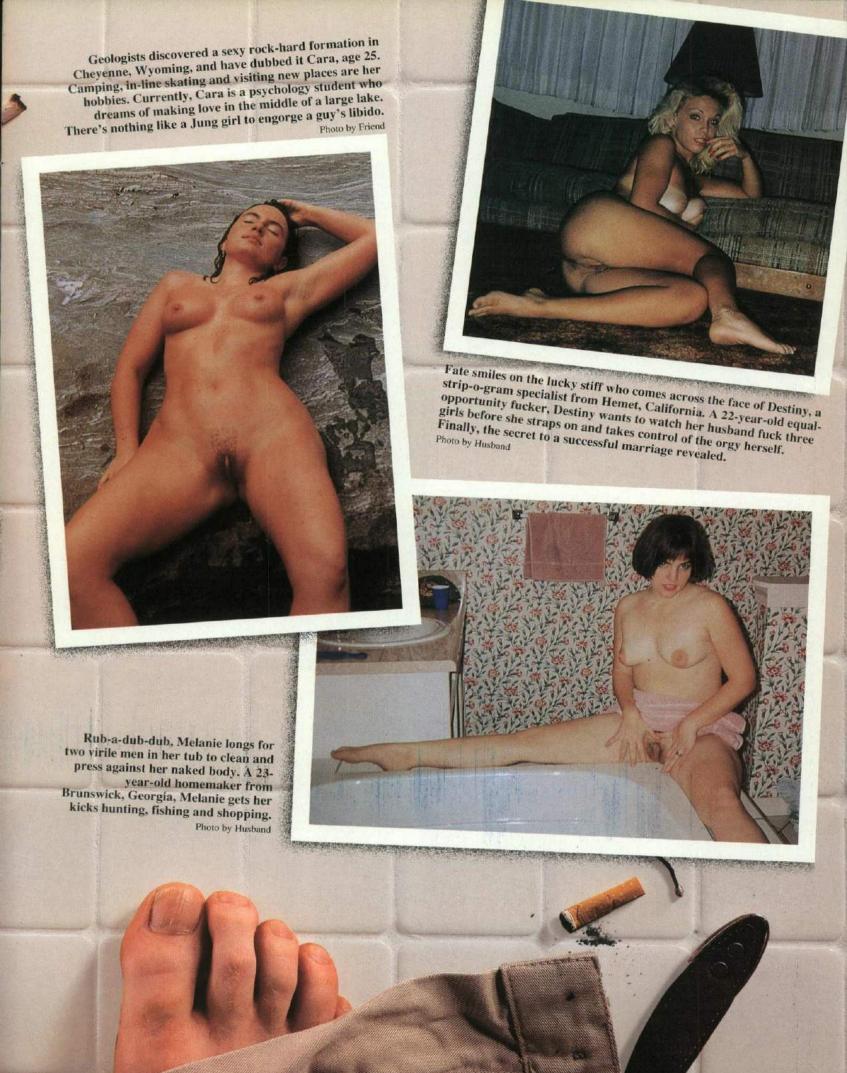
Photo by Fiance



"Having another woman eat me out while my husband watches," is the tantalizing fantasy of 28-year-old Lynn of Goleta, California. Camping, aerobics and masturbating are everyday pleasures of this sexy physical-education teacher, for whom the phrase, "drop and give me 20" erects new meaning.

Photo by Husband







Waiting for a streetcar named dominance is daring Maggie, a 39-year-old student from La Jolla, California. Her avocations include aerobics, swimming and hiking, while she hopes to someday make love in a bank vault. Talk about a safe deposit box.

Photo by Husband

"I love people," writes soothing Serenity, a 37-year-old massage therapist from Beverly Hills, California. Home alone, Serenity gets in touch with herself through yoga and a strict workout regimen. Her fantasies? To skydive naked and appear in a HUSTLER centerfold. Knowing our photographers, it's hard to say which task is more daunting.

Photo by Friend



Displaying the only literature worth reading before bedtime, Avis is a smart and sassy salesperson in Grand Prairie, Texas. At 37 years old, she still hasn't fulfilled her dream of making love to another woman while her husband videotapes the affair to remember. In the meantime, Avis enjoys playing indoor soccer and, apparently, likes leaving the goal wide open.

Photo by Husband

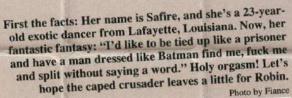
"Roughing it" is the motto of carefree Corina, 23, who hopes to someday set up camp with her husband and two other girls for a weekend of rugged, outdoor sex. At home in Aloha, Oregon, Corina gets back to nature by skiing, hiking and reading HUSTLER when not working as a grocery clerk.

Photo by Husband



If Beaver Hunt judged entrants on artistic photography alone, moody Moni's would win first prize. A 20-year-old collector from Boynton Beach, Florida, Moni's hobbies include jogging, dancing and making love. Her dark desire is to be bound, fucked and treated like a dog.

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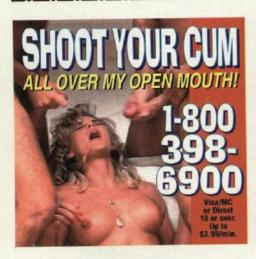


























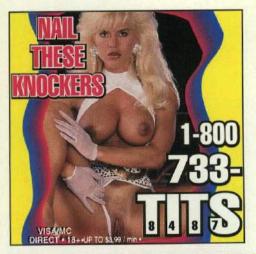








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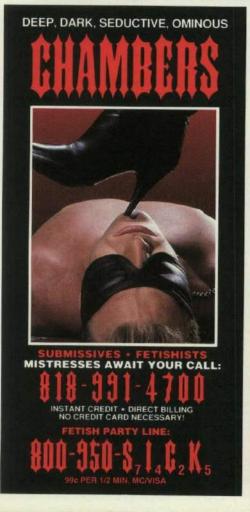
















Mind Control One photographic album featured the execution and disembowelment

of goats, and snapshots of "adults and children dressed in white sheets participating in a bloody ritual."

by cutting his wrists every time he was aroused. Mrs. Reos told police that when she became pregnant, Georgina was angry and told her that she would have to condition herself to hate her child. Reos told police that children of the cult's 43 adult members were secluded from their parents and received "training" that took on "very severe tones." "There was a lot of spanking involved," she reported, "and a lot of being enclosed in dark rooms." The teachers, she added, "left welts." If so ordered, adult cultists would beat their children.

According to a Riverside County Sheriff's report, a six-year-old child burned the group's schoolhouse to the ground. The boy was punished by solitary confinement in a locked shipping crate left in the desert, where the average temperature was 110°F, for two months. When police freed him, they were nauseated by the suffocating stench of excrement. The child was smothered in flies swarming from a tin-can toilet.

The Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh Movement: In 1985, the *Portland Oregonian* published a 36-part, book-length series linking the cult to opium trafficking, prostitution, money laundering, arson, slave labor, mass poisonings, illegal wiretaps and the stockpiling of guns and bio-

chemical warfare weapons. The year-long *Oregonian* investigation revealed cult ties to CIA-trained mercenaries in El Salvador and the Far East. Domestically, Rajneesh's secret police force were believed to have worked with CIA operatives.

The Finders: In February 1987, police picked up two well-dressed men and six bruised, dirty children living in a van in Tallahassee, Florida. A later Customs Service memo reported that the children behaved "like animals" and "were not aware of the function and purpose of telephones, televisions and toilets." The children stated that they were forced to live outdoors and were given food only as a reward.

Their two custodians, who were charged with child abuse, were linked to a 1960s cult known as the Finders. A check on the backgrounds of the men turned up a police report "specific in describing 'bloody rituals' and sex orgies involving children, and an as-yet unsolved murder."

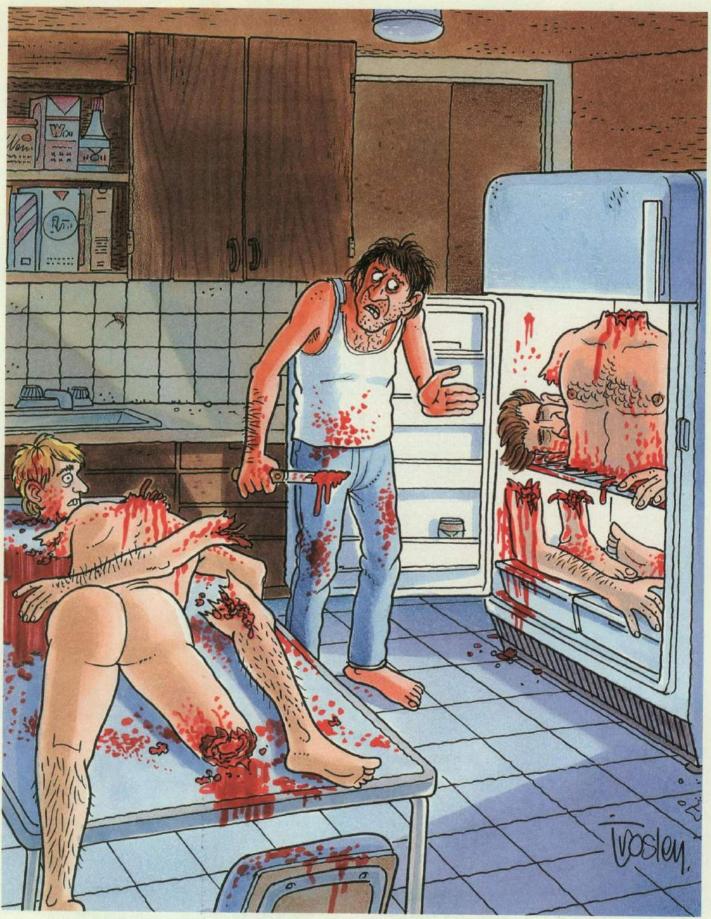
A subsequent search of a Finders-related warehouse in Washington, D.C., by police and U.S. Customs Service agents revealed a computer room, documents recording high-tech bank transfers, explosives and a set of instructions advising cult members on moving children through jurisdictions around the country. One photographic album found in the warehouse featured the execution and disembowelment of goats, and snapshots, according to a Customs report, of "adults and children dressed in white sheets participating in a bloody ritual."

Also found was a U.S. passport indicating travel by the holder to North Korea, North Vietnam and the Soviet Union. The investigating agents contacted the State Department and were advised to "terminate further investigation." They investigated anyway, reporting that "the CIA made contact and admitted to owning the Finders...as a front for a domestic training organization, but that it had 'gone bad.'" The late wife of Marion David Pettie, the cult's leader, had worked for the CIA, and his son had been an employee of a CIA proprietary firm, Air America. Yet Pettie denied any connection to the CIA, and officials of the CIA dismissed as "hogwash" allegations of any connection to the Finders cult.

It is beginning to dawn on the psychiatric community that the CIA's mind-control clique is a menace reminiscent of Nazi medical experimentation. In 1993, Dr. Corydon Hammond, a professor at the University of Utah's School of Medicine, conducted a seminar on federally funded mind-control experiments. Topics covered by Hammond included brainwashing, post-hypnotic programming and the induction of multiple personalities by the CIA. Hammond implied that the cult underground has roots in Nazi Germany, and that the CIA's cult mind-control techniques are based upon those of Nazi scientists recruited by the CIA for cold warfare. (The Washington Post estimates that 5,000 Nazis resettled in the United States after World War II.) Hammond was forced to drop this line of inquiry due to professional ridicule, especially from the FMSF, and even death threats. At a recent regional conference on child abuse, he regretted that he could no longer speak on the theme of government mind control.

While the psychological community is awakening to the threat in its ranks, the world at large remains in the dark. The "mass hysteria" and "false memory" bromides disseminated by the establishment press obscure federal connections to the cults. As at Jonestown and Cheiry, Switzerland, cult activity often concludes with the destruction of all witnesses. This cycle of abuse and murder can only be ended by full public awareness of the federal mind-control program.





"Oh, darn...why did I open a new one? There's an opened one already in the refrigerator!"















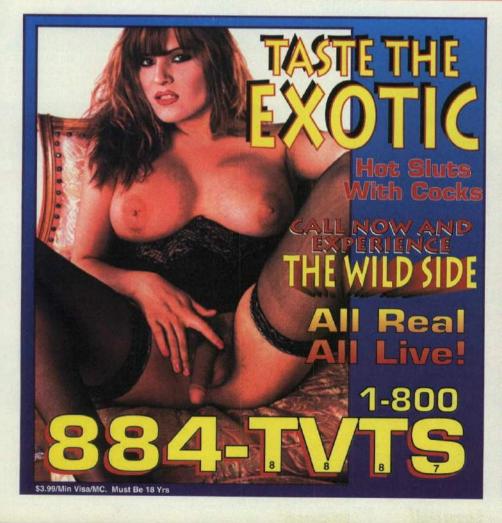
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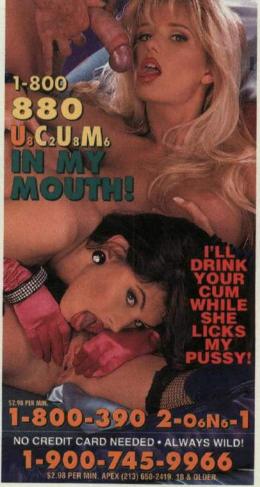


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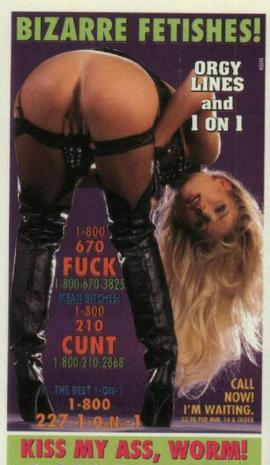
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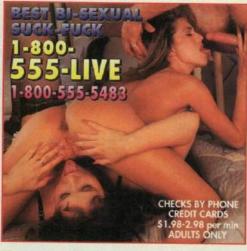
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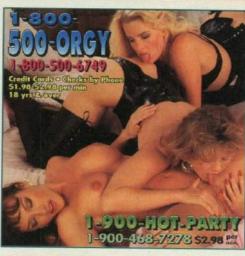
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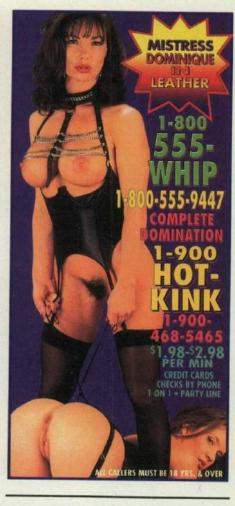


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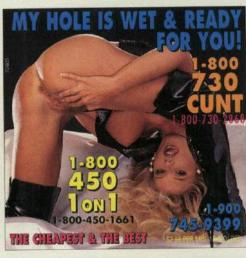






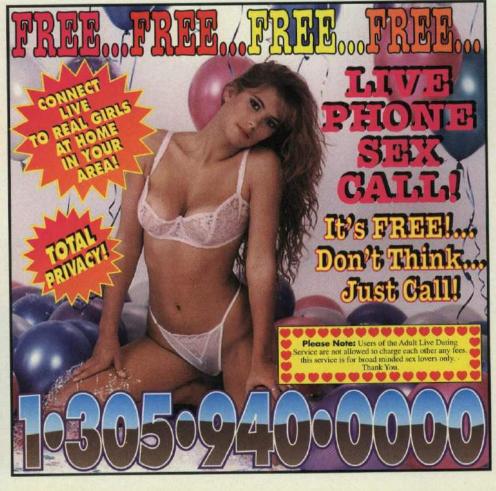














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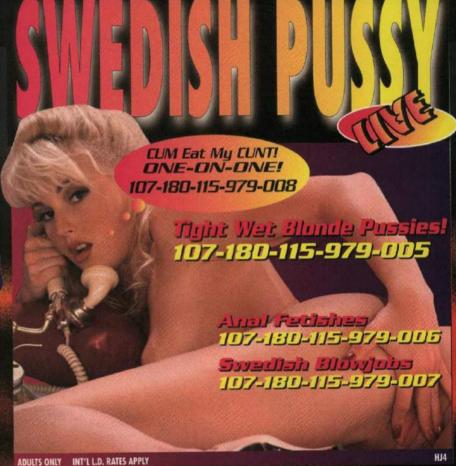
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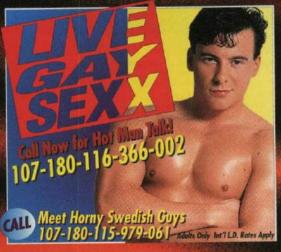




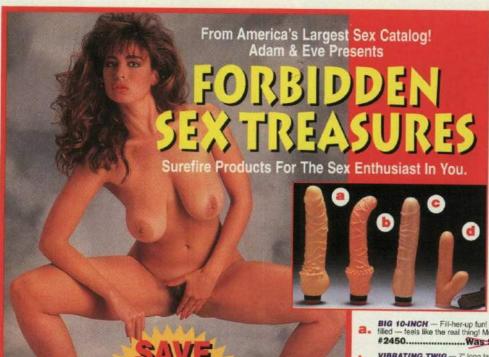












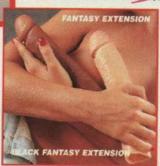


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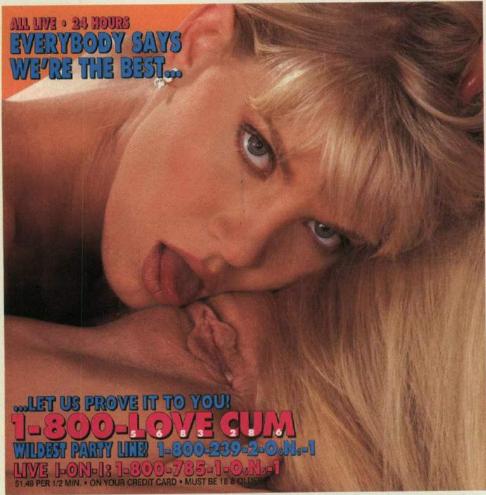
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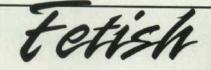
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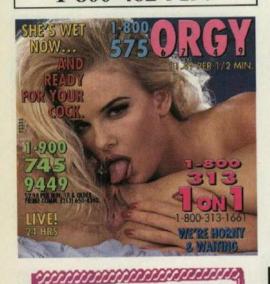
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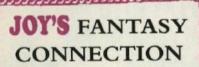




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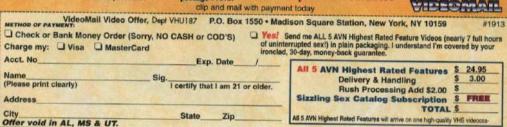
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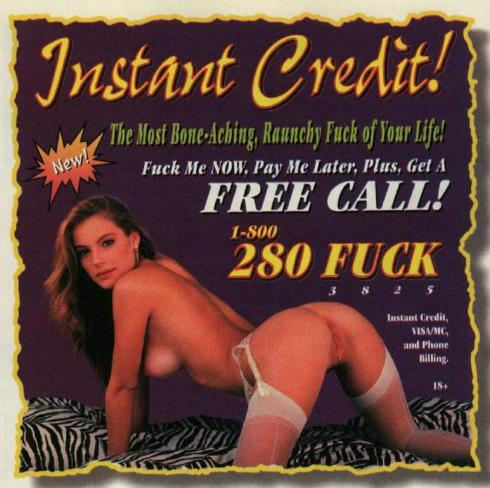


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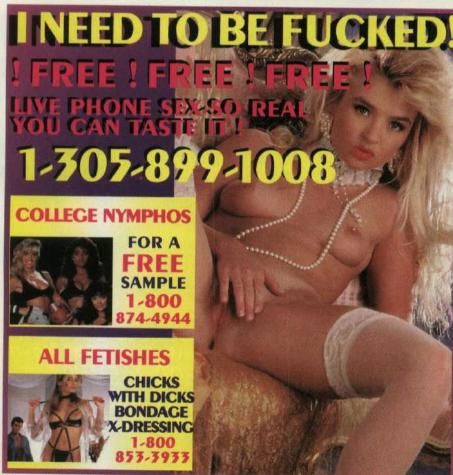




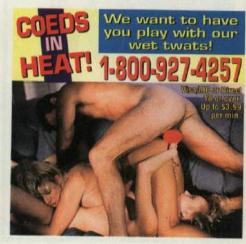






















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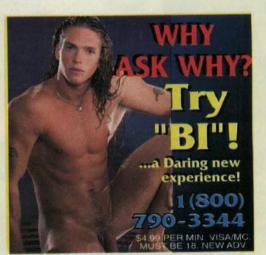
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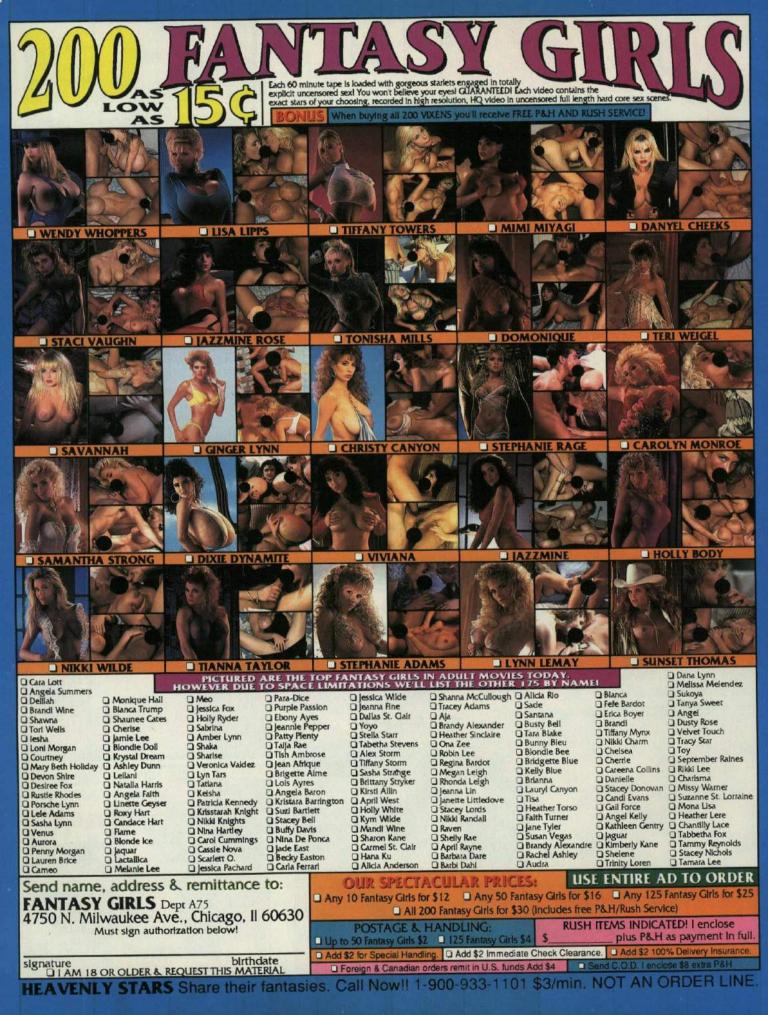












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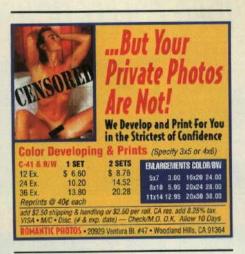
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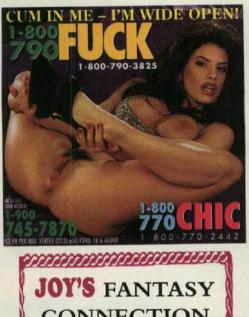


















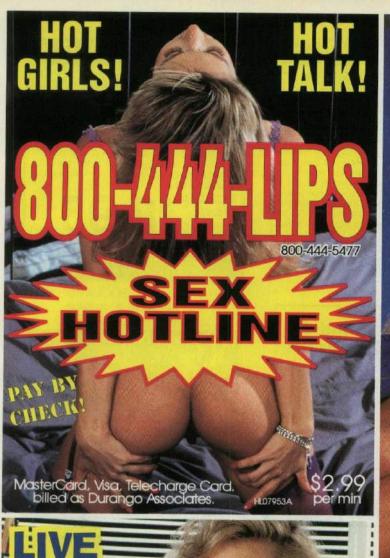
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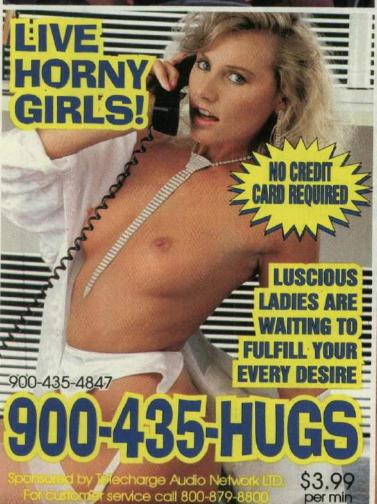
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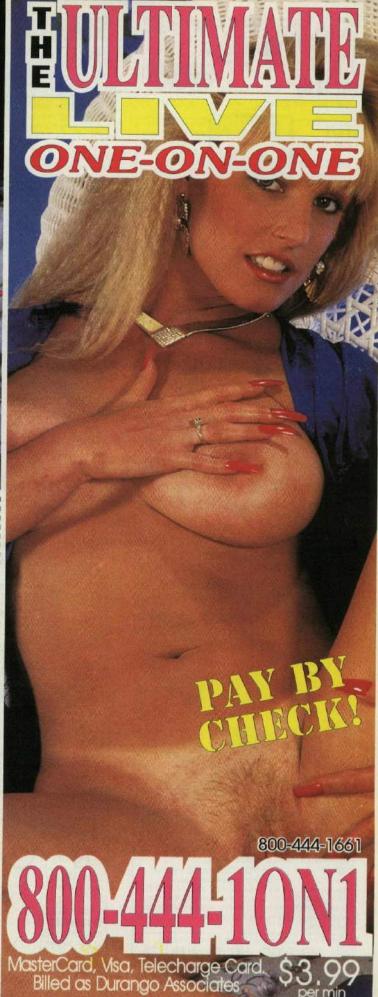
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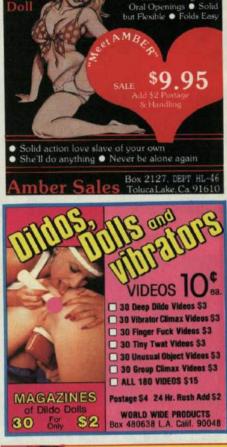
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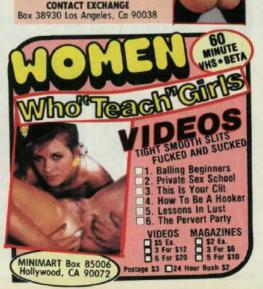
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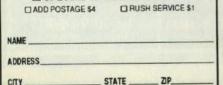
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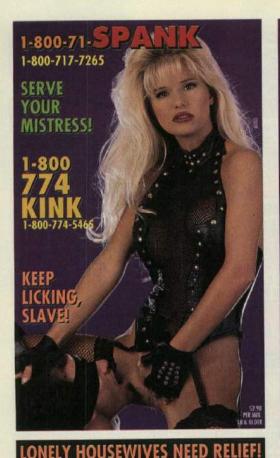
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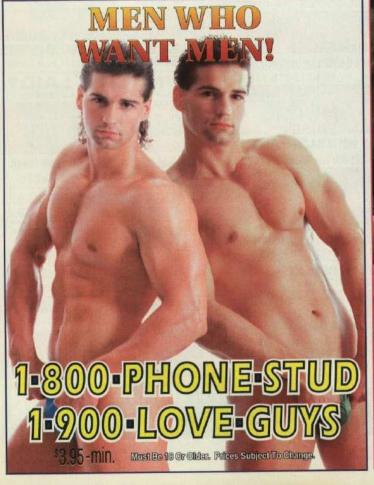
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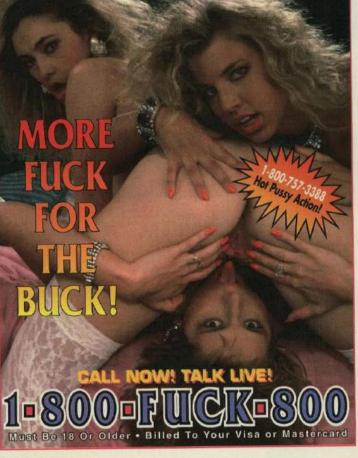
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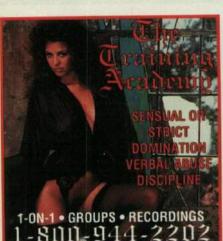
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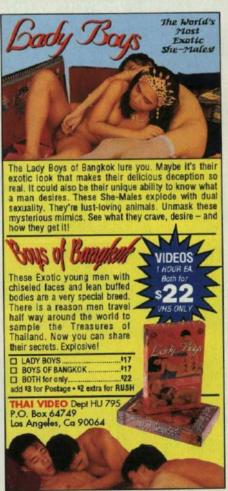


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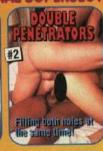
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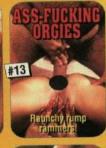






























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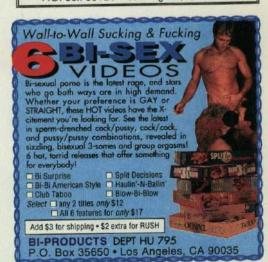
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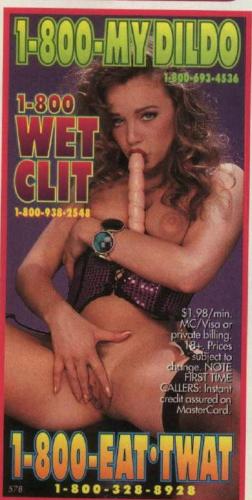
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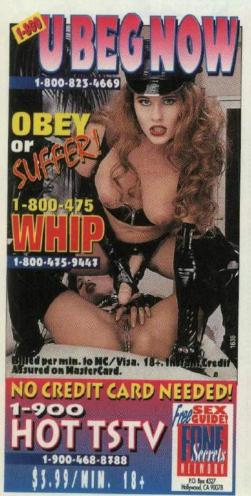
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Hot Letters in August shoots for the lip as a reader describes a scummy circle jerk where a woman is bound to get gagged by gobs of gonad goo. Sex Play goes online and peeks inside a secret Internet file where participants play out their often illegal fantasies via keyboard communiqués; Bits & Pieces delivers a new bag of cutting-edge gags; and Beaver Hunt prowls for the finest ladies of the land. August HUSTLER satiates the desire of every hungry man. Fill up.





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